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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

SEPTEMBER
1916

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

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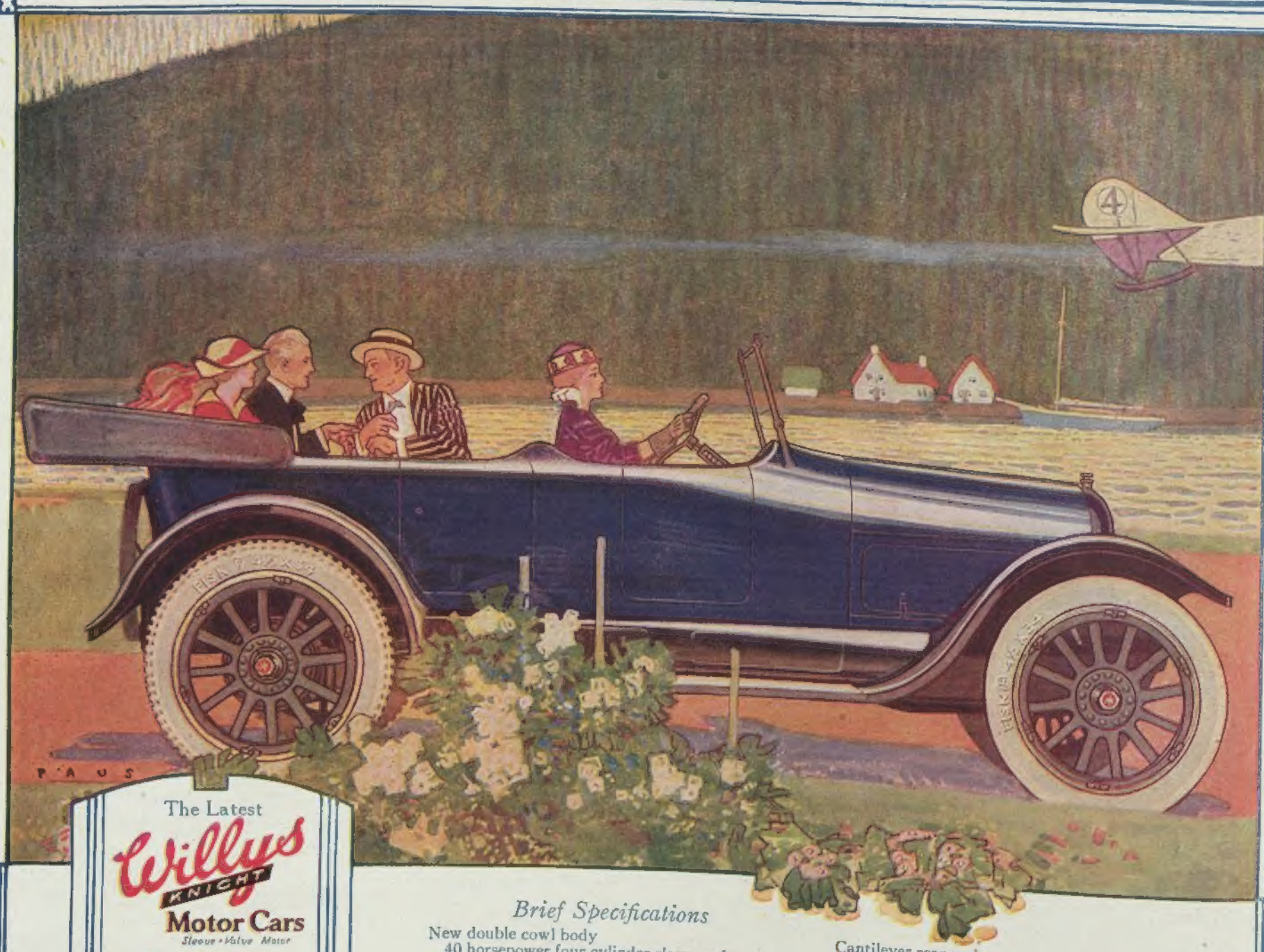

The Latest
Willys Knight
Motor Cars
Sleeve-Valve Motor
Model 88-4
$1800
f.o.b. Toronto

Brief Specifications

New double cowl body
40 horsepower four cylinder sleeve-valve motor
121 inch wheelbase
Seven passenger seating capacity
34 x 4½ inch tires—non-skid rear
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting system
Electric switches on steering column
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Motor-meter

Reviewing a Great Success —and Its Successor

Just about one year ago the whole country was sitting on edge in anticipation of our introducing the sleeve-valve Knight motored cars.

Everyone knew that practically all of the leading European car manufacturers had adopted the sleeve-valve motor in preference to all others. Everyone knew of its wide and sweeping success.

So they patiently waited.

In Europe the Knight-motored car had been selling at from $4000 to $8000.

But it had been rumored that we would offer a Knight motored car at a price that would be revolutionary.

So thousands of people who were on the verge of buying other cars—waited.

Then came the Willys-Knight announcement.

From our initial announcement alone our production was oversold for six months.

As the new Willys-Knight cars went into use and the remarkable ability of the motor received actual demonstration, thousands and thousands of additional orders continued to pour in.

On all sides people were astounded at the Willys-Knight performance.

The smoothness of operation; the practical elimination of gear shifting; the absence of carbon troubles; the giant power, coupled with extreme quietness; its economy and all around simplicity immediately established a new standard of motor car efficiency.

So that today the Willys-Knight motor car is pointed to and conceded to be one of the great substantial successes of the industry.

With considerable gratification we now make another Willys-Knight announcement.

Of the sleeve-valve motor we need say but little. In the hands of tens of thousands of owners it has stood up and delivered far in excess of any of our descriptions or claims.

Probably the most distinguished feature of the new Willys-Knight is the striking body design.

The body is much longer—and lower. It has that fashionable double cowl feature. The new harmonious and graceful lines now make the Willys-Knight one of the most attractive motor cars of the year.

The wheelbase has been lengthened to 121 inches.

It now seats seven passengers.

The rear springs are now cantilever—the easiest riding springs in the world.

The quiet spiral bevel drive gears are continued.

Finished in rich French Blue with battleship gray wheels, and highly polished aluminum fittings, this newest Willys-Knight is now one of the country's smartest motor cars.

Demonstrations now.

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 818

Willys-Overland, Limited
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Toronto, British and United States subscriptions, $1.25 a year; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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For the Canadian Woman Who Thinks and Acts

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CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

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Vol. VI. No. 3

A Personal Chat with the Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1916

"NOW, will you be thrifty?" This is what you will ask yourself when you have read the October Thrift Number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD; and you will thoroughly enjoy it, as the ideas it presents are novel, and interestingly written.

* * *

Woman's Greatest Gift to Man

WOMAN'S greatest gift to man is normal, healthy children. A strong, sturdy race of Canadians is needed now more than ever before, and Doctor Mariam shows, in a charming manner, just what the chief requirements are for the mothering of children that they may be healthy in body and wholesome in mind. Every woman must recognize the economy of having her children well born, especially when we look around and see so many who are obliged to spend large amounts in doctors' bills—one woman has spent more than $2,600.00 in ten years trying to keep her daughter in health so that she may retain her position in society and, at least, appear to be well. Had she been better born this vast waste of health, energy, time and money would have been saved.

How many mothers spend all their energies in saving their daughters in every way they can, and in caring for the health which would otherwise break down under the strain of the girl's daily work. All that might have been saved, had the mother seen to it that her daughter was assured of good health from the very beginning.

* * *

Is Your Boy, Blonde or Brunette?

THIS clever article will settle for all time the controversy on the superiority of the blonde over the brunette and *vice versa*. With its help you can decide definitely for which class of vocation your boy is suited. There is a large number of occupations which blondes should avoid and many for which brunettes are not fitted. Professor Farmer gives lists of these, and the reasons why they are unsuitable. Attached to this article is a chart of questions for parents to answer and mail to Professor Farmer, who will give them a personal reading of their sons' qualifications, and natural aptitude for some particular line of work. All parents are invited to ask Professor Farmer any questions they wish concerning the health and special bent of their boys, and girls also. All letters will be answered personally and in strict confidence.

* * *

A scene from our Great New Serial, starting in the October issue

Lady Eleanor: Lawbreaker

By ROBERT BARR

THIS scene gives you an indication of the kind of action with which this great story abounds—a story whose equal has not been written in the last ten years. The tale moves, moves, moves, and you are simply held enthralled by it from the moment you start it. Lord Brandon loves his cousin, Lady Eleanor, and finding himself alone with her takes advantage of the opportunity to declare his love. She spurns him, and the following dialogue takes place:

B.—"Eleanor, you break my heart. You loved another, and I, fond fool, never suspected it. Curst luck is mine. But Nelly, your young heart is not forever sunk in an untimely grave?"

L.E.—"It is."

B—"It must not be. 'Tis against nature. I, living, protest against the monopoly of the dead. Let me teach you to forget."

L.E.—"You cannot. To me my lost love is more real than hosts of living men. Were I to tread the streets of London, his wan ghost were at my side, the only vital being in the throng to me, the multitude vanishing from my sight in his dear presence. Dead, you say; all else is dead, and he and I the sole survivors. I swear to God in heaven that none but he shall ever call me wife."

B.—"Then may God in heaven spare a thought for me! None of His creatures need it now so sorely. Nelly, it is for your grief I should sorrow, but I am indeed selfish, as you charge me, and it is my own woe that fills my thoughts. Him you love is dead, yet, dying, loved you. My love lives, but turns from me with loathing."

This is just a small taste of the story. You will thoroughly enjoy the whole of this latest of Robert Barr's works.

Commences in the October number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Be sure to read the first instalment, and you will want to read all the rest.

My Greatest Thrift Experience

OVER five hundred letters have been received on this live subject—letters that have written it up in every possible phase and aspect. A number of these will be published in the October issue. All these writers show a ready willingness on the part of the women of Canada to follow the Government's edict that we, as individuals and as a nation, should practise Thrift. Some one of these experiences will give you the very idea for which you have been looking.

* * *

"When in doubt, buy it." So says the charming young lady who commands the entrance to the October thrift number.

* * *

The Higher Things of Life

We regret that the second instalment of "Three Things Every Boy Must Have" has been crowded out for want of space. It will appear in the October issue.

* * *

Is This a Picture of Your Boy

IF it is, do you know what occupation in life he is best fitted for? Professor Farmer will tell you that he loves music, and takes a keen delight in handling musical instruments. Therefore, what vocation in life could he be better fitted for than to be on the concert stage or a salesman for musical instruments? And what a mistake it would be to try to make a chemist or a preacher of him! Read "Is Your Boy a Blonde or a Brunette?" in the October issue and learn why colour is such a determining influence in a boy's future.

Relics

A READER asks: "Is love a relic of barbarism or a product of modernity?

It is neither—and it is both.

A relic is "something left after the rest is lost or decayed." Love is not a relic—it is, as it has always been, the living, most vital force in life and it will continue to be the living, most vital force for all time.

But some of the manifestations of love savour of barbarism and are an undesirable phase of modernity. These chief "relics of barbarism" are shown in the arts employed by some women to attract—notably in the use of paint and powder.

A healthy, live complexion is attractive to man—it is an evidence of good, clean health. The presence of rich, red blood is attractive to the beast—the taste of it makes them ferocious, and it is their nature to be ferocious. But that which is artificial is attractive to neither.

When a woman endeavours to imitate the natural colour of the blood that shows from beneath the skin in her cheek, by applying red paint and powder to the surface of her skin, she lies. But she fools no one. She can't blind people into thinking that this artifice is real; she is living a lie, and who loves a liar? Lies are another relic of barbarism and woman's artifice should be a relic and not a modern fact.

This leads us up to a clever little article in the October issue by Mrs. Gerald Robinson—"When a Girl is in Love." It has really nothing to do with painting and powdering. It simply indicates how a girl can love—with discretion—and you know if a girl is discreet she will let her reason govern her affairs even more than the influence of her personal appearance.

* * *

How Our Government Makes Thrifty Housekeepers

THE Government does not dictate to you how you should spend or save your money; neither does it direct the running of your home. But it does operate various departments that are closely allied to the home, and these departments provide information that is needful and necessary to every housekeeper's welfare. Canadian women do not avail themselves, to any extent, of this very valuable information with which the Government is willing to supply them. This article shows you how the Government is ready to help you run your home in a practical, business like and efficient manner.

* * *

Good Short Stories in the October Issue

THE October issue will have a number of exceptionally good stories, every one of which is well worth reading.

"*The Beautiful Lie.*"—The beautiful story of a beautiful mother who acted a beautiful lie in a beautiful way that her little crippled son might forget his affliction. A story with a heart throb.

"*After Office Hours.*"—If you were the little office girl to a doctor who loved a girl who jilted him, and you were given the information before it reached him, and you resented it because of your loyalty to your employer—— And then he looked at you and *saw you* for the first time and—— Would you have done as Betty did?

Betty was original and created an unusual situation. You will enjoy this story.

"*The Climax.*"—The story of how Editor Gray learned that there is a climax to every life, though it is not always apparent to the world. The author, a beautiful girl, furnished this climax, and it is one to which we must all come. A most unusual story.

* * *

Big Articles Now in the Course of Preparation

"*Mending Seventeen-cent Socks.*"—The opinions of many of Canada's leading men and women on the wisdom—pro and con—of the woman who mended seventeen-cent socks.

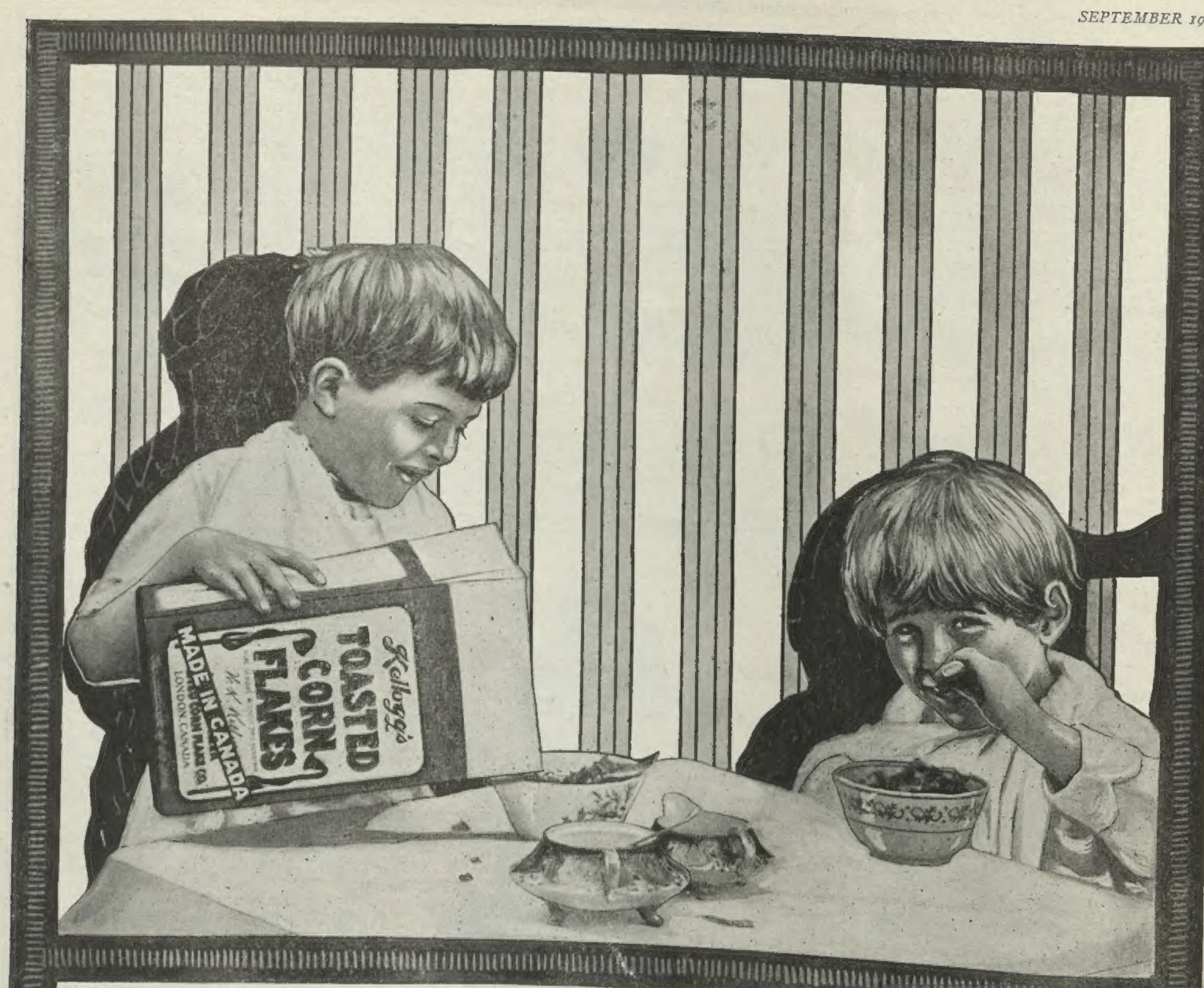
"*Women in Unique Occupations.*"—About enterprising Canadian women who, by their own initiative, have built themselves into unusual paying positions.

"*How to be a Perfect House-Husband.*"—For husbands only; that they may learn how to make their wives happy.

"*My Career.*"—By Margaret Anglin, the wonderful story of a wonderful woman; a Canadian who is one of the greatest living actresses.

"*The Business of the Women's Institutes.*"—Where you will get some idea of the great, lasting work done by this twentieth century institution.

"*The Perfect Farm House.*"—After much thought, time and money it has been evolved and will be given to the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in the near future.



"I Like This Best, Don't You?"

LITTLE folks certainly enjoy *Kellogg's* Toasted Corn Flakes as much as their elders. The delicious crispness and wonderful flavor makes this breakfast food a favorite with all. Be sure that you get the original. Beware of substitutes.

At All Grocers
Large Package 10c.

"Made in Canada" and only by

THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Limited
London - Ontario

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
SEPTEMBER
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

EDITORIAL

A Lonely Mother

WE are glad to publish this letter from "A Lonely Mother," feeling sure that it will find an echo in many a heart. We are glad of the opportunity to pay tribute to the noble work of Motherhood, and to point to the compensations which are hers and hers alone.

"DEAR EDITOR:

"I take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and read it through and through with interest, particularly those articles in which you tell us how to train and bring up our children. I taught school before my marriage and had very decided ideas as to how children should be trained and how the mothers should help the teacher. I was ready to make sacrifices for my children, and I've done it all right.

"I read and studied to keep ahead of them, and I studied diet, health and sanitation as I knew that a strong, healthy body is necessary to a strong, vigorous mind, and I wanted them to have both. I taught them how to dress, and they learnt manners with their bread and milk; and when I was through with them they were as nearly perfect as any first class finishing school could have made them. I was proud of them and had good cause to be—I had sacrificed myself, my life, my wishes, my desires to their best interests.

"My boy and girl were married within a few months of each other, and now I am seeing things from a totally new and unexpected angle. They have formed new ties, made new friends, and are living a new life with never a thought of me and my loneliness. I have nothing to do, my hands are empty; no one needs me, and there is no future for me. After twenty-five years of sacrifice, I have nothing but a past, and this at forty-five!

"Is it right or just that a mother should give her love, her life, and receive so little in return? Why should I have spent the best part of my life in making them so altogether desirable to have them go and leave me just when I was beginning to reap the fruits of my labours? To what end did I rise early and work late that they might benefit? To pass over to some one else that which I created—to some one else who takes my work as a matter of course? Of what use are the weary days I gave, the sleep I denied myself to make them what they are? They have passed out of my life and left the bitterness of desolation behind. Had I made them less than what they are, they might have still needed me and stayed with me for a time at least. But no! They are gone in the height of their beauty and loveliness and power, and I am left with idle hands and empty heart. Is this right or fair or just? Has a mother no rights?"

"A LONELY MOTHER."

Undoubtedly many mothers have made sacrifices equally great and have experienced the same loneliness and desolation when their children have made homes of their own, but not many mothers give voice to their feelings, suffering this last heartache in silence as they have many others.

But this mother, in common with so many, sees only the dark side. Her eyes are—while the pain is fresh, anyway—blinded to the compensations. In this case they are forefold; to the mother herself, to the child, to the nation, to posterity.

This lonely mother is, necessarily, a woman of refinement, education and culture, broadminded, and with a wide outlook on life. This is inevitable, since she read and studied, kept ahead of her children and trained them well. Would she have been all of these if she had not had a strong incentive? How much better thus to live than to have spent her idle moments in cheap reading, gossiping meetings, unprofitable drifting through life! Not least of the compensations was the happiness and joy as she watched the budding minds of her children unfold and expand into perfect man and womanhood.

How much better are the children equipped for the battle of life, coming from a home where knowledge was imbibed naturally rather than learnt! What more can man or woman ask than a strong, wholesome, vigorous mind in a strong, healthy body? Given these, all things are possible. The mind, trained to think quickly, to reason clearly, brings success more surely to man, and health gives him joy in work and achievement. The girl who goes to her husband's home with these same qualities is well fitted for her threefold position—she is a more capable housekeeper, a more understanding and companionable wife, and a more intelligently loving mother.

The Law of Nature is to look forward, not back; and these children are looking forward to children of their own. For this reason do they leave father and mother without much in the way of regret. But it is not unthinking ingratitude nor that the old ties have no place; only that they are relegated to the proper perspective according to the law of life. Now, when her duty to her children is done—and well done—may the mother look out on the larger life for which her training has fitted her. Now, may she be mother in a larger, broader sense and make the world a better and cleaner and sweeter place in which to live. Think of the many girls who need "mothering" and must go without: of the many boys who need a kind word, a helping hand! No one's hands need be idle, no one's heart should be empty—not while there is one poor little uncared for child in the whole world! This is the mother's opportunity, and the reward is a thousand fold.

Valuable as are these results, they may be termed but the things material. Life, as we see it is but a preparation. *What we make of ourselves here, that we are all through eternity.* We cannot get away from that fact any more than we can get away from ourselves. In the higher development of the mind which this mother gave her children, she developed and deepened their capacity for joy and happiness, and also for sorrow and pain. A questionable gain, you say? But, no! All sorrow and pain, rightly borne, tend but to purify and uplift and make for a nobler and better man and womanhood.

Children are the Nation's greatest asset, and directly in proportion as they possess vigorous, wholesome minds: strong, healthy bodies and live clean, upright lives are they valuable to the State. It costs more to care for a sickly, delicate child than it does to raise a strong child; and although it is the parents on whom the added burden immediately falls, the Nation ultimately suffers. The country loses just by so much the work of brain and brawn which that child should have done. No one can do the work of another; he does his own work, and the work which this child should and might have done is—of necessity—left undone.

The debt which we owe to posterity is becoming more recognized every day. It is the right of the unborn millions that we should hand on to them the most vigorous health: bodies clean of any inherited taint: minds with generations of thinking, intelligent ancestors back of them and lives that were honorable and clean. A large debt! And this lonely mother paid it in her self-sacrificing days and her sleepless nights: paid it in her love and life and thought spent in the moulding of the lives and minds and morals of two little children! Is any other work so vast and as far reaching?

Man builds huge buildings, spans wide rivers, conquers the air, controls the lightning—all these are vast undertakings; they are conceived, planned, achieved, live for a time, and then?—die.

The work of the mother is the only work that spans the bridge of time and reaches eternity. Oh! lonely mother, was it not worth while!

* * *

Home

IT may be mortgaged to grinding poverty; its door may be unlatched to Anxiety, Want and Pain; sullen Sorrow may sit brooding by the hearth—but Home is Home!

In the middle Atlantic, about half-way on a straight line between Cape Town and Montevideo, there was heaved up in remote times by volcanic action a huge rock, the little island of Tristan de Cunha. A centre of almost incessant rains, bleak and barren, the vortex of fierce storms, always enveloped by cloud and shunned by ships, and yet for the last hundred years inhabited by a strange race made up of English, Dutch, Irish, Italians and Americans, cast ashore from time to time in shipwreck, and living on fish and the spoils of the wrecks which strew its coasts.

These people, now about 80 in number, men, women and children, suffer hardships and deprivations almost inconceivable to residents of more favoured lands.

Having no useful timber, their huts are unmortared heaps of rough stones, thatched with grass.

There is no government of any sort, no school, no church. The island has no possible future; the inhabitants have no prospect but of living entombment there.

One would suppose that these unfortunates, intelligent, industrious, thrifty and temperate, as they are described to be, would gladly leave their rude huts, their terrible hardships, their barren fields, their pitiful poverty and hopelessness, to rejoin the comfortable world.

But no!

The British Government has repeatedly made efforts to remove them and their few possessions to any British soil they might choose, and give them means to start life anew.

Not one will consent to go. There on the bleak island are their Homes, and there they stay.

Perhaps, after all, one lot in life is not much better or worse than another, so far as material happiness goes; but there are some things that seem very necessary to us, and the little corner in God's creation we call Home is one of them.

Home, whatever may be its hardships, is the best place this side of Heaven. Plenty, comfort, luxuries, culture are good to have. But all the wealth of mines and farms and factories, and all the learning of the schools, cannot give such genuine and enduring satisfaction to the soul as does the wealth of love and faith and fidelity that makes the Home the cornerstone of civilization and the heart's true haven.

Love, fidelity and faith are the only treasures indispensable to the real Home of any human heart.

These—in the humblest cottage, houseless beneath the bleak sky, shelterless, starving, naked,—make a happy Home, anywhere.

The real life is not outside ourselves, but within.

The real possessions are not what the hands may grasp, but what the heart holds.

* * *

Women Are Intelligent

PHOTOPLAYS are censored—quite right, they should be.

Books are censored—not here, but in England and the United States, where most of our books come from, and if they are censored in these countries condemned books never reach us.

Magazines go by uncensored, and they need it more than books or photoplays.

Of late years Canadian book stores have been selling a kind of all-fiction, go-as-far-as-you-can type of periodical that has no excuse for existence, and is vulgar in ideal as well as in substance.

The readers of these magazines are almost wholly women. It is not unusual to see a young woman go into a book store on Saturday night and buy half a dozen of these questionable magazines to peruse on Sunday. Miserable food for her mind, and on the day when her thoughts should be turned toward things divine! She insists on good food for her stomach, while she puts garbage into her mind.

Her mind starves on such refuse.

Are Canadian women still in the primitive stage that they should be encouraged to read such literature?

No!

Your Editor once asked himself a very serious question.

He answered that question as follows: "The women of Canada are strong spiritually and mentally; they have a serious purpose in life. They are well worthy of the ballot."

And so he set as the slogan for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—"For the Woman Who Thinks and Acts."

He believes that every one of the 500,000 readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is an earnest hearted, serious minded woman, because he knows that the women of Canada recognize a serious purpose to fulfil in life.

But it sometimes happens that a jolt is put into an axiom, and your editor's axiom has had a jolt. That jolt came in the form of a letter from a reader who deplores that the women of her district are not more serious minded. She marvels at some of the things they do and gives vent to her feelings in a letter, which is here appended:

"DEAR EDITOR,

"People here do not read with the idea of learning anything, and I do not know any one who takes a magazine bearing on their work with the idea of studying anything modern and up-to-date.

"So many scorn 'book learning' and say, 'It is no use here; our country is too poor,' and now the War is an excuse for not indulging in extras. Plenty of them read novels; any kind of a sentimental love story is passed around until it is fairly worn out.

"In seven years we have not succeeded in getting any definite study started in our Women's Institute. Only one or two think of studying anything and others look upon it as a waste of time and not practical; it doesn't bring in the dollars and cents.

"If all the world is like our little corner in the bush, it is no wonder we have the most dreadful war history ever recorded. Greed and selfishness are marked very plainly everywhere you turn, and nothing but God's own grace can change it.

"Thanking you kindly for the pleasure, copies of your paper have given me and the older children, I remain, yours truly, M.E.D."

Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being attractive, it can be changed!

Copyright, 1916, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited

Your skin is changing every day!

This is your opportunity. Start tonight to make the new skin what you would love to have it.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By using the following treatment regularly you can keep this *new* skin so active that it will, gradually but surely, take on the greater clearness, freshness and *charm* you want it to have.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Lather your wash-cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day.

Send 4c for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the skin treatment given here. For 10c the week's size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day and begin at once to get the benefits of this Woodbury treatment for *your* skin. Address

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 868 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out this illustration of the cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's.

MADE IN CANADA

For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast

FALLING IN LOVE WITH BUSINESS

BY

OWEN ERNEST McGILLICUDDY

Miss M. A. Tripp thinks that girls do not take their work seriously enough; they fail to realize that they sell their best efforts, time and thought during business hours to their employers.

Miss L. McLean believes that men are ready to give responsible positions to the capable, trustworthy woman who is willing to work for the necessary training and to obtain the needful experience.

THE Canadian business woman is gradually but surely establishing a co-equal status with man in the marts of trade and commerce.

This transformation has come about more particularly during the last fifteen years and is manifesting itself as regards responsibility assumed, salaries earned and general appreciation of work well performed.

Formerly the woman of business was an isolated creature looked at askance by the members of her own sex and social set and put up with by her employer because she kept "expenses down." To-day this same woman has assumed executive work, and in some cases is doing the work two or three men once did.

What has brought this about? Not the War altogether; since years ago many women holding leading positions had demonstrated their capability and were, on their own initiative, creating policies and carrying them out—doing the work formerly entrusted to men.

Miss Margaret Fennell advises every business woman to have a hobby as it furnishes relaxation by allowing the expression of a different phase of character, thus relieving the nervous tension of the day.

Mrs. Josephine Witt holds that we do best that which we like best, and advises girls to study out what they are best fitted for and to make that their aim and object.

Mrs. E. G Cowdry contends that a business training is of incalculable benefit, whether the girl goes to a home of her own or remains in business; it crystallizes the true values of life.

As near as can be ascertained with any degree of accuracy, the fact appears to be that the Canadian woman who goes to work is adopting all the success maxims that used to be given to her brother—and is also adding a few more of her own making, for good measure. In short, she is falling in love with business. She has learned by hardship and struggle in a quarter of a century what it took man many, many generations to find out: that out of bitterness of effort, honestly applied, ofttimes comes the joy of conquest. And she has discovered that she likes business because of the peace of mind, independence and possibilities for larger usefulness that it affords.

Take the opinions of those who have themselves passed through the whirligig of time in business offices and have achieved some measure of success in their chosen calling. The general feeling of those who have been and seen and done is that any healthy girl, who with a single definite purpose will give herself up to doing some one thing well, must inevitably be recognized and given the responsibility which she is capable of assuming. Handicaps of early poverty and incomplete education need not necessarily prove insuperable stumbling blocks, although the better the education, the more swift the success.

When I began looking for concrete cases to fit certain modern theories concerning woman in business, I found that those theories did not work out at all, but that in most problems, ordinary common sense cleared the ground and made it possible for the business woman to hold down her position.

Take Business Seriously

MISS M. A. TRIPP, whose residence is at 68 Bloor Street West, Toronto, fitted herself to become a trained nurse, and then through taste and study interested herself in the antique business of which she is now sole proprietor. Already she has built up an international reputation for authentic knowledge concerning old period furniture, china, silverware, hammered brass, and many other of those little things which add tradition and loveliness to the home. All this was accomplished after a close study of detail and painstaking research. Success could never have come if knowledge had not been pursued with unrelenting patience.

"In my opinion," said Miss Tripp, "girls do not take their work seriously enough when they embark on a business career. If they could understand that they should give their whole time and honest effort during office hours to their employer, and study how best to serve his interests, there would be very little business problem left as far as the woman in business is concerned. Modern education does not do enough for the girls of this country. It teaches them that marriage is the one and only great goal and that nothing else matters much if that end can be once attained.

"Girls should be taught that a well developed mind is of far more importance than a well decorated body. As regards the old story that men make it hard for women to get along in business, I think this is more fiction than fact; it has been my experience that men are easy to get along with, if you can show fair values in your work. One thing that the business woman should remember is that the average man has not the same credulity that women have, and this is probably because man has been on his own resources longer and has thereby developed his individuality to a greater extent."

Is Vocational Training Necessary?

MISS ANNE HOZACK, who has been twelve years with The Robert Simpson Company, and is virtually one of the superintendents of that large business, claims that a loss of objective is one of the reasons why most girls never get past the counter-selling stage.

"It has been my experience," she said, "with girls coming in search of a position, to find that their education has been sadly neglected and that they have practically no knowledge of human nature, nor even of those small services that go to make a successful saleswoman. Vocational training is the one and only salvation of woman in industrial and mercantile life. If a child has a leaning or desire toward doing some one thing well, the State should see to that it the child, no matter of which sex, should be educated along that line and should have an opportunity to cultivate those gifts to the highest point possible. In that way there would be less lost time in training incompetents, and more successful women doing work for which nature has peculiarly fitted her.

Miss Mary A. MacMahon says that vocational training is the solution of the employment problem, and that the schools should take this into consideration and endeavour to determine what each pupil is fitted for.

Shouldn't Emphasize Sex

MISS MARGARET PENNELL has been twelve years with The J. J. Gibbons Advertising Agency as space buyer. Her work involves the making of contracts with most of the publications in Canada, for many of the household products entering national as well as international markets. The business woman's problem as a problem did not worry her at all.

"I made up my mind to stick everlastingly to business once I started in it. A woman should forget her sex entirely when once she makes up her mind to enter on a business career. I find that if a girl takes her work seriously, the ordinary man, whether as employer or desk mate, will take her seriously too. She should dress neatly but not ostentatiously; this does not mean she should make herself unattractive in dress, but there should be no overwhelming desire on her part to attract attention. Furthermore, any girl who puts in fairly long hours at business should have a 'hobby' or 'fad' apart and aside from the workaday world.

"Up to a short time ago, I was intensely interested in the Dickens Fellowship movement with the late E. S. Williamson. From practically nothing some eleven years ago, the membership increased to one thousand, with a waiting list of two or three hundred. Often when the work at the office pressed upon me, I found that the evenings devoted to this relieved my mind and gave vent to my feelings, which had been pent up during the day. About twelve years ago there were comparatively few girls in business in Toronto. To-day there is a multitude.

"In my opinion, the girls of the future will have a far easier time than we have ever had, because the opportunities are greater for those who have real merit and can interest themselves in their work. The girl who makes good now in executive work will be superior to her who makes good ten years hence, because pioneer work is character-making work, and the girls who are in business to-day are solving the major problems which have been confronting us for a great many years."

Work With Whole Heart

IT did me good to talk to Miss Florence MacDonald, "The Scribe" of Eaton's.

"My advice to the average woman entering business is to enter work as she enters play—with all her heart. Good hard plugging effort brings success—at least it will to-morrow if it did not yesterday. Woman should never ask any favours on account of her sex, because if she does she will get none, and if she thinks of it, it will only make her dissatisfied with work and life in general. I know no golden pathway that leads to large salary cheques and swivel chairs in front of large flat desks; but this one fact I do know, that any woman who knows how to do one thing thoroughly and well and can find the place to do it and will work everlastingly at it will finally achieve just as much success in business as her brother."

The Importance of Concentration

MISS L. McLEAN, Secretary-Treasurer of Norris-Patterson, Limited, who has been eleven years with that well known firm of advertising agents, says:

"I attribute whatever measure of success I have

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THE SHADOW HAND

The Story of a Wonderful Mother

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by ESTELLE M. KERR

A WONDERFUL day framed in the Paris spring—Paris of five years ago, when no hint of war disturbed the careless gaiety of the Latin Quarter; a day vivid with colour which sent artists scampering to their palettes; a day murmurous with harmony, inspiring musicians to linger over their instruments trying to transfuse bird notes and the whispering of tender leaves into an immortal Summer song. Even journalists, sleuth-like in their ceaseless search for the bizarre, the unusual, turned their minds from plots and crimes and took frank delight in a day pregnant with promise, of ambitions almost realized, when the Key to the Secret of Life seemed to hang within reach—just around the next corner.

Jeanette Lacy turned her back to the window, lest she should be tempted to look out at the trees bursting into bud and blossom, lest she should fall a-dreaming and scorch the finely pleated shirt which steamed gently beneath her iron.

Her hand passed back and forth, not because she was intent upon her work, but with the dexterity of long practice. True, she had blotted out the sight of azure sky, bursting flower, and swift darting bird, but she could not blot out her dreams by simply turning her back upon the window. They rose magically life-like and centred, now as ever, around Gerald, her son—Gerald, but yesterday a chubby, tyrannical young autocrat in pinafores, to-day a twenty-two-year-old pupil of the great Victor Dessart.

Those twenty-two years were not divided into meagre periods, each containing three hundred and sixty-five days; they were a-throb with absorbing episodes "when Gerald was—" or "before Gerald had—" or "after Gerald did—" He was the axis on which her world revolved.

The first vivid happening in Gerald's life—passing tenderly over the breathless surprises of early babyhood—dated from his fifth birthday. Amongst his gifts was a somewhat advanced drawing book, a presentation from a relative of his dead father. This well-meaning lady knew little about children and nothing about drawing, but the book cost ten cents less than the amount she had set aside to pay, it had a pretty cover, and—she bought it!

Gerald took it and disappeared. After a little, he came to his mother, flushed and angry.

"I can't make him look walking," he said, the tragedy of uncrowned effort quivering in his voice.

With a faithfulness of outline which amounted to the wizardly, the child had copied a dog supposed to be running, but he had failed to catch that subtle something which made the animal "look walking."

For a moment Jeanette stared at her son with a sort of awe; then choking back a joyous sob, she gathered him into her arms, muttering incoherent things against his hair. What mother of us has not looked at the artistic efforts of our children and thought pityingly of Reynolds, Turner, Valasquez?

HE never marvelled at her ability to make the dog "look walking"; he accepted it just as the child accepts superior physical strength, the cunning by which broken toys are made whole, torn garments mended, bread, milk, sugar and eggs converted into a toothsome pudding. Had his baby mind reasoned out the circumstances at all, he might have felt that the few strokes his mother added were totally unimportant; he had drawn the dog. So presently he forgot that she had contributed to the picture at all, and both he and she exhibited it as his work. It is impossible to say which enjoyed the speechless admiration and generous prophecies of their friends the more.

That episode formed the key note of all those which crowded into the following years; it was a basic theme upon which Gerald's largos, andantes, allegros and dolorosos were built. He drew many, many dogs, but his mother, unrealized by him, made them "look walking."

If she missed a hot, quivering little body pressed close against her while she held the baby fingers and guided the pencil's strokes; if she saw that, as the child grew older, he resented her criticism and denied the help she gave, she made no sign. She went on helping, but in subtler, less apparent ways. Hers was the creative mind behind Gerald's technical skill, hers the breath which gave his creations life. For years, her days and nights were spent in devising means by which he might learn this trick without realizing that he did not know it!

She discovered early that self-confidence was a potent factor in Gerald's work, that any harsh criticism, any aspersion cast upon his ability not only enraged, but wounded and depressed him, so that the hurt showed for weeks in his faltering brush.

"Appallingly ambitious," he overheard a woman remark at one of the "private exhibitions" his mother frequently gave. "Isn't it a pity he is allowed to attempt anything so far beyond his powers? The poor child should be told what to draw—something simple which he could accomplish without any help."

"What should a child draw?" he cried rudely. "Bowls of pansies, or vases or tea cups? Look! I shall draw something simple without any help," and, seizing a pencil, Gerald made on the wall an excellent caricature of the offending lady, herself!

When she realized that her remark was responsible for a fit of hysterics, she apologized handsomely—and bought the picture; but weeks elapsed before Gerald's self-confidence was restored. For days at a time he would not touch a brush, and then, when he did, it was in a half-hearted manner.

"What's the use?" he would complain bitterly. "If I can't paint better than those in the vase and tea cup class, I might as well stop now and learn to do cooking or to take care of somebody's furnace."

Is it any wonder that, with this ever present in her mind, Jeanette could not curb his ambitious flights nor bring herself to say: "Well, darling, you know I have helped you, after all"?

"Why, you blessed angel, I have known it for months," cried the girl, "ever since the day Gerald's sketches were returned. What are a journalist's eyes for but to worm out other people's secrets? Beside, any one could have guessed—that is, any one except John Gerald's son!"

Instead, she denied her share in his work; to him, to the world, and even to herself. Her's was "The Shadow Hand" above his palette. She never obtruded herself by forcing him, denying him, scolding him, not even when, to gratify a passing whim, he squandered money which they needed badly.

There was the particular instance of the moonstones. Gerald was on his way to pay the grocer's bill and fatten up a very lean larder, when he saw several moonstones in a jeweller's window. Unable to resist the temptation to possess the stones, he bought them.

"Oh, look, Madre," he cried, bursting into the room, "look at the present I bought you! Aren't they wonderful? See the moon in this one—and this, against your black dress! Oh, Madre," he breathed, with half closed eyes, his sluggish mind groping after an idea, "perhaps I could do a picture with moonstones."

"Of course you can, darling," responded his mother, instantly as eager as he. "An ink-blue sky, a shaft of light, a water-fall, the beads of spray flung against moss-covered rocks—moonstones! Yes, yes, you must get straight at it!"

Already she associated him with those distant relatives of pearls; already she saw him like a Tadema with marble. "Lacy's Moonstones," people would say, and she smiled happily as she prepared a very meagre supper.

He painted the picture, and "Moonstones" sold for more than all his previous efforts combined, thus giving rise to the belief in his mother's breast—in his own, certainly—that at fourteen he had "arrived." There would be no more backslidings, there would be steady advance. He suddenly found the small town in which they lived too small. In fact, the thought of a city did not make much of an appeal to him.

"It must be Paris," he announced, "and let us go quickly while I feel the fever of inspiration."

Gerald Lacy was always trying to put salt on the tail of his (mother's) inspirations!

So they went to Paris in a large steamer and took an apartment in a very good hotel. Gerald could never work in uncomfortable surroundings. Ugliness, barrenness, squalor, depressed him. Because he was not creative, he was not oblivious to externals—quite the reverse—but it was with unconscious selfishness that he made so many demands upon his mother's pigmy income. He was always repeating the episode of the moonstones in various ways, but he knew nothing of their financial resources. Thinking of money fretted him; he merely spent what he considered necessary and left the bother to his mother, who forebore to shackle him with eternal pleas for economy.

WHEN Gerald was made comfortable—oh, quite luxuriously comfortable—he sat down to wait for the divine message which is called Inspiration, while his mother performed all menial tasks for him. Duty to Jeanette Lacy spelled itself in the letters of L-O-V-E; it was not a round of irksome tasks, and she was distinctly humble in thanking her Maker for the privilege of helping to fashion anything so perfect as her son.

She was not the first woman to whom the fallacy of cheap living in Paris came as an icy douche; nor will she be the last. But that did not minimize her frantic worry when she made the discovery that, according to six weeks' expenditure, after six months at the same rate, she would have little or no use for her bank book.

Uprooting Gerald just when he was settled, especially when he declared that the "atmosphere" of the place suited him, was out of the question, yet obviously something had to be done. She tried to secure a few pupils in English, but was astonished to find how many people already spoke English, and those who did not were willing to pay so little or wanted her at such inconvenient hours that she reluctantly abandoned the idea, save as a last resource. She would have taken any kind of a position which would have allowed her some time at home, so that Gerald would not discover in her regular absences just that which she was anxious to keep from him. He must be spared worry at any cost.

She dropped exhausted on a park bench one morning after a discouraging series of interviews, and almost without realizing it began to sketch the people about her. There, an old man, squeezed nearly through the hour-glass of life, obviously indifferent to everything save the friendly warmth of the Spring sunshine on his aged body; there, a younger man, loose-hanging across a bench in an attitude which argued a too intimate acquaintance with the jade, Absinthe; a mother with a peevish child; a maid with a pampered dog; a student; a gardener—all of these appeared in crisp, sharp lines upon Jeanette Lacy's piece of paper.

You may marvel over that which the five-year-old child took for granted, but, after all, the circumstance held nothing unusual. From early childhood, Gerald's mother had cherished the hope that some day she might make an eddy, though it be ever so small, upon the artistic pool. She had absorbed all the advantages offered in the village where she lived and had looked frankly upon marriage as a step to broader things. But marriage, instead of widening her opportunities, suddenly crushed them, for a serious accident rendered John Lacy not only a helpless invalid, but a harmless idiot, who demanded her constant attention. She laid aside her drawing board and gave herself up to the care of her husband and the nurture of something which lay very near her heart.

JOHN Lacy died before Gerald was born, and then all the mother's thoughts were concentrated upon her baby. Perhaps the old longing to create had been satisfied now that there lay in her arms the flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone; however that was, Jeanette Lacy had given but scant thought to her latent talent until the day when the boy's genius had been revealed. It then seemed to her like a re-incarnation—something which had died in her only to be re-born in her son—and she asked no more than to add what was hers to give to that which he already possessed. Sometimes, it is true, after accompanying Gerald to a lesson, she would put into effect, in secret, the

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JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

Marriage—and the "Come-Back"

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE brings problems to every woman. To me it brought a large and very insistent one. Should I, or should I not, leave the stage?

As I confessed in a previous chapter, my marriage to Mr. Cheney was very sudden, and —to me as well as to my friends— wholly unexpected. There had been no time to make plans or to balance opposite sides of important questions. Mr. Cheney, however, had *not* married unexpectedly. He had considered every phase of the matter with his customary admirable forethought. He had found a thousand reasons why I should leave the stage—and he promptly mentioned all of them!

The only one in the thousand which seemed to me to have weight was the one on which he dwelt the least—that he strongly wished me to retire and make a home for us both. From the time of my early childhood I had never had a home, and he was convinced that I sadly needed one. Against this theory my mind presented arguments which I could not ignore. I was not cut out for a domestic woman, and I was very doubtful whether I could make any one else happy or be happy myself in a purely domestic environment. It must be remembered that I had been on the stage since I was thirteen, and that for several years before that I had been studying with the constant thought of the stage in my mind. I could not imagine any other life than the one I had always lived, and I was asked to give it up just when I had reached the goal of my ambitions. I was a star, newly risen, in a successful play, and there was every indication that we would hold our public in "A Lady of Quality" for several triumphant seasons.

Mr. Cheney had immediate answers for this last argument. He was an independent manager, and the way of independent managers is hard. He had to fight for every inch of progress he made, and his opponents were none too scrupulous in the weapons they used against him. Was the fight really worth while? He thought not.

IF I had married more deliberately, I would have remembered to wring a promise from Mr. Cheney to let me continue my work without argument. As it was, he was quite free to keep the question open, and he availed himself of this privilege to the fullest extent. I could see his side of the matter perfectly. The situation was getting on his nerves. He was a man with large business interests. He could give only a small part of his time to his theatrical venture, and it was obviously impossible for him to follow me around the country. He could only continue to do what he had been doing as my manager; he could meet the company occasionally and spend a day or two with us in some city where we were booked for a week's stay. Each time he returned to Boston alone he was increasingly unwilling to do so; and as he did not need the money we were making, our financial success was no poultice for his recurrent disappointments.

Notwithstanding all this, however, I remained on the stage for two years after my marriage. We finished the season in "A Lady of Quality," and went on with it again the following autumn—adding to our repertoire during the second season revivals of "As You Like It," "Ingomar," "Mercedes," and "Romeo and Juliet." At the opening of the third season after my marriage I put on, at the Park Theatre in Boston, "More than Queen," which had been written for Bernhardt, but was acted in Paris by Jane Hading.

We had a long run in Boston, during which my problem was temporarily laid on the shelf. I was at home, and all was serene. Then we came to New York with the play, and the problem revived and accompanied us. I don't know whether it was the problem or overwork, or both, that finished me; but before the season was over I developed a case of nervous exhaustion; and during the performance one night I fainted on the stage in the most spectacular manner.

That settled the problem! Of course the cure indicated was rest, complete freedom from anxiety and the tranquility of a home atmosphere. Equally, of course, I had no idea that my retirement would be permanent. A year's rest at the most, I was sure, would set me up, and in the meantime the cure was very pleasant. At first we lived quietly in the Cheney cottage at Middle Brewster, Massachusetts, and before the novelty of that environment could wear off Mr. Cheney launched me into the delights of building a home of our own.

FOR this we chose an ideal setting—Calf Island, in Boston Harbour—where we could live a life of splendid isolation if we wished, or leave it abruptly and within an hour be again in the heart of the city. To insure our isolation we bought the island, and to provide the needed excitement of existence we set up a small fleet of boats, of which the most ambitious is "*The Jule.*" Incidentally, in building the house we had all the thrills that usually attend this experiment, as well as a few unusual ones thrown in for good measure. Several times we were marooned on the island by sudden storms. Occasionally we had mishaps in our boats. Life was not monotonous. Part of our boathouse was the deck of a ship which was washed ashore more than fifty years ago; and we were careful to make the house and grounds fit their splendid setting of sea and sky. We called the place "The Moorings," and after a very little time there my old life on the stage became vague and dreamlike—almost as though I had lived it on some other planet.

In "More Than Queen," which was staged about three seasons after Miss Arthur's marriage.

OF course our first impulse was to fill the house with our old and new friends, and this we did. Oddly enough, I never even read aloud to those who came to us, nor did I get up nor take part in theatricals. Mr. Cheney, I soon discovered, was an expert artist on the bones—and while I shuddered when I first heard of this accomplishment, subsequently I really enjoyed his performances. Whenever it was necessary to do any indoor "stunt" to amuse our guests, Mr. Cheney brought out the bones, and the audience was invariably delighted. The Balcony Scene, done by me and some amateur *Romeo*, would have been an anti-climax.

Mr. Cheney, who is an outdoor man, introduced me to Nature, whom I had never really met before. She charmed me. He taught me to manage boats, and he tried to teach me to swim, but that effort was a failure. Once, when I had been hurled rather abruptly into the water, to sink or swim, I sank, and there was considerable excitement before I was brought up to the surface again. When I was being revived in the boat, and thinking up a few things to say as soon as I could speak, I heard the cheerful voice of my husband reassuring our friends.

"I'm afraid she'll never learn to swim;" and then he added plaintively, "the only time she doesn't kick is when she's in the water!"

One thing I did learn, and that was to be a housekeeper and a home-maker. I was too proud to fail in this field and, moreover, I was interested. "The Moorings" required a lot of work, and the best way to get that work out of other persons, I soon found, was to understand it myself. We had a big place. There was no telephone communication with the mainland, so our marketing had to be done by boat. We were nine miles from a lemon and from every other household necessity.

WE spent our summers at "The Moorings" for twelve years—going there in June, leaving the last of September, and filling it during the interval with our families and closest friends. Several of my sisters were usually with us, and the congenial spirits we met in Boston. One of our most valued guests was Clara Morris, who came to us while sne was writing her reminiscences. She would read these aloud to us, to our delight; and then, to our even greater delight, would discourse by the hour of the more intimate reminiscences which she was *not* putting into print. She had the most extraordinary memory of any woman I have ever known, the keenest sense of humor, and the biggest heart. Her speaking voice seemed to be made up of sombre minor modulations, and she would tell the most amusing stories in a voice that would have brought tears to one's eyes if one had not heard her words.

She became the intimate friend of each of the dozen dogs we had on the place, and promptly re-named them all to please her own taste. One of them, "Bip," had a passion for being photographed. The moment a camera of any kind was produced, "Bip" raced excitedly into the foreground, attached herself to the most important person present, gazed soulfully into the lens, and remained absolutely motionless until the picture was taken. "Bip" enchanted Miss Morris, who renamed her "Dipsomania." "Scratch Wig," whose real name was "Nick," was another of her favourites. Long after her visits she wrote of these dogs in her letters to us, and recalled the most trivial characteristics of each. She and I had some wonderful walks together, tramping miles over the island, and always accompanied by half-a-dozen ecstatic dogs.

Every year my husband and I made two journeys to California, where Mr. Cheney's business interests called him. We travelled in our own car, spending two or three months on the road each time, and we associated exclusively and intimately with the workingmen of railroads and mines, from the presidents down to the grade-gangs. Mr. Cheney's method of studying things was to study them from the ground up, and in following this plan we had some interesting experiences. One of these adventures nearly cost me my life. Our car was attached to a "working train" which was making a road-bed and laying the tracks of a new road. The work so fascinated me that when it was no longer possible to travel in our car I persuaded my husband to let me go with him on the working engine, which had a front attachment loaded with ties and rails, to be dropped into place as we moved along. Suddenly the workmen discovered a soft spot in the road-bed, caused by a hidden spring. We had to leave the engine and walk across a narrow foot-trestle, without sides, suspended over a great ravine. I followed the men light-heartedly. I was so uncon-

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HOW I WOULD RUN THE HOME IF I WERE A WOMAN

By EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

HOME is the half-way house between earth and heaven. As such it needs the practical and the ideal combined, more than any other human institution. The earth side of a home must be absolutely practical, and the heaven side must be absolutely ideal, if the home is to be a home.

There is as much need for science in the home as there is for science anywhere. The average home is a conglomeration of guess-work, patch-work, and overwork. The guess-work is the fault of the man, the overwork of the woman, the patch-work of both. A little science in advance would prevent most of the trouble.

As the one place where all human interests gather, center and radiate, the home should be given first consideration in a real efficiency program for a man, a city, or a nation. School efficiency, business efficiency, church efficiency, community efficiency, all depend to a large extent on home efficiency.

Many a good woman—good but stupid—thinks so much of her home as a house that she forgets to be anything but a house-keeper. But the house is merely a shell for the home.

If you cannot have your home a model house and a model institution at the same time—never mind about the model house. A little dust in the corner of your parlor is better than a layer of dust on your mind.

Furthermore, a dollar with your best thought and feeling in it can do as much to make your home attractive as ten dollars spent rashly, thoughtlessly, flippantly.

The Home as an Institution

THE efficient home, as a modern institution, covers ten cardinal points, namely—*health, economy, beauty, productivity, hospitality, education, devotion, ambition, co-operation, character.* These points are universal in application. They have nothing to do with the size, cost or location of your house. You do not need to have a house; you may live in a $10-a-month flat, and still observe these ten cardinal points. We shall consider them briefly.

1. *Health.*—Half the disease in Canada would be prevented by the universal adoption of a home health system, including health instructions, health foods, baths, exercises, garments, habits of life and methods of work. Many physicians claim that epidemics such as typhoid, grippe, and scarlet fever would be impossible in a civilization where the home science of prevention of disease were understood and applied.

2. *Economy.*—Every home should have installed a modern scheme of cost-finding, cost-keeping and cost-reducing personal expenses on a scientific budget basis. Mother doubtless wastes a little, but father is apt to waste more, and the children are sure to waste most. Why reform mother exclusively?

3. *Beauty.*—Home discord is largely the result of discordant surroundings. The sensory nerves should be soothed in the home. They are more often irritated.

4. *Productivity.*—The home is fundamentally a social unit. The business of it, therefore, is to enable each member of the family to do more and better work in the community. For this purpose, physiological, psychological and industrial principles should be taught and embodied in the household. Are you improving the quantity and quality of your vocational output by at least ten per cent. every year? If not, something is wrong with your home.

5. *Hospitality.*—By this word I do not mean card parties, pink teas or pay-your-debts functions of any sort. I mean just a handclasp with some heart in it, an open home door. A test for your hospitality is that the fellow you invite never thinks what or how much you are going to give him to eat.

6. *Education.*—The despair of conscientious teachers is the lack of and indifference to sound educational methods in the home. Careless thought and speech, unbridled emotions, superficial judgments, artificial standards—these home defects can never be redeemed by any curriculum of high school or college.

7. *Devotion.*—This should be mutual, and reciprocal. Too often one member of the family—most often the mother, least often the son—expresses devotion for the entire group. The fires of destiny are kindled in the crucible of devotion. Back of the great man has always been some one's home prayer, faith, sacrifice.

8. *Ambition.*—The purpose in our habitation is our evolution. Accordingly, every home must be outgrown, every blood tie broken, every association of mere kinship finally put off and away, as the locust drops his skin. Can you forget that your brother is your brother, your son is your son, your wife is your wife, and want for each only the highest good of each, whether *you* reap joy or sorrow from it? Do you know what the great ambition of each member of your family really is, and are you helping him or her to achieve it?

9. *Co-operation.*—Every home should provide for a systematic study of co-operative method, as shown in the modern factory, mill or department store. The scientific grouping and control of individual tasks and relations in the family is almost unknown. Therefore, a burden of unnatural and unnecessary weight falls on some one member of the family—the most unselfish, and usually the least endowed with physical strength.

10. *Character.*—The great need of the home to-day is for a Spartan courage. With few exceptions, the backbones of our children are mush. We deny them the supreme strength which grows only from doing the hardest thing. The very multiplicity of conveniences and luxuries robs this generation of self-resource and self-reliance. Clearly and strongly as I urge the use of labor-saving devices in the home, I would beg of you to forget them all unless at the same time you teach the boys and girls how to *work*—hard and long and well, and painfully if need be. Nothing can ever take the place of old-fashioned hardship in the home production of character.

The Home as a House

NOW for the home as a house. My friend, the architect, says there are five principal reasons why ninety-five per cent. of the home owners are dissatisfied with their own work. These reasons may be summarized thus: (a) Failure to plan all details ahead, or even to know what the necessary details are; (b) failure to secure in advance all the available information; (c) failure to employ the best architect, builder and other helpers; (d) failure to sign a comprehensive, minute, iron-clad contract; (e) failure to keep the entire job under personal supervision. The aim of this article is to mark out lines of thought for the prevention of these mistakes.

The first suggestion is to begin home planning early in life. Every young man or woman over eighteen should be regularly saving for a home. If you can save only $10 a year, this much will buy books and periodicals that should prevent a waste of hundreds, or even thousands of dollars, when you build later. Whatever your age, if you have not a home of your own, resolve now to have one—then start your plan. Real estate, properly chosen, bought and managed, is the universally good investment.

Build for yourself. Don't buy a second-hand house; it won't fit you any better than a second-hand suit of clothes. Your individual home tastes, needs and preferences must be learned before you build—not after. When they are clear to you, no house on earth but the house you make will satisfy you.

Be your own designer. The business of the architect you hire is to embody your ideas. If you haven't any, his work will fail, no matter how good an architect he is.

Devote a year to learning home science. Take a course if possible, in advance of building. Purchase a small library of new and trustworthy books. Answer advertisements in popular and technical magazines; you can obtain a large assortment of booklets on all phases of home building, furnishing, and decorating, merely by asking for these publications from various manufacturers, who will mail them without charge or on receipt of postage. Study these booklets. If you have a sweetheart, study them together.

Draw a rough plan of your house, lawn and garden on a big sheet of bristol board or "art paper," allowing, say, half an inch on the drawing for each foot of ground. This preliminary sketch will have to be altered considerably, first by yourself to grow with your ideas, then by the architect to be made practical. But get the whole thing on paper as early as possible, and exact in every detail.

Choose your architect—don't hire one because he lives near you or a friend of yours knows him. Be sure (1) that he is a specialist in your kind of home—whether a bungalow, a Queen Anne cottage or a Colonial manse; (2) that he can refer you to a number of satisfied clients; (3) that he belongs to national associations of architects, with high professional standing; (4) that he will guarantee the final cost of your home not to exceed the initial appropriation. There are some fifty trades and professions involved in the making of a home, from start to finish. These are mostly uncorrelated; hence delays, mistakes, and numerous "extras" in the bill are very likely, unless a blanket contract fully protects you against loss.

EFFICIENT HOME TEST

FOR SELF-APPLICATION BY ANY MAN OR WOMAN DESIRING TO IMPROVE HOME CONDITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

DIRECTIONS.—Where answer is Yes, write numeral 5 in blank space opposite. Where answer is No, leave space blank. Where answer is partially affirmative, write numeral between 1 and 5 expressing degree of assurance. Add column of numerals for total grade. This test is not complete, merely indicative.

1.	Could you sell your property to-day for at least 20 per cent. more than it cost?	.....
2.	Is your outdoor and indoor color scheme artistic, restful, individual?	.....
3.	Are your pictures, tapestries and other ornaments very few but very good?	.....
4.	Have you electric light and automatic ventilation for every room?	.....
5.	Have you a home gymnasium and playroom?	.....
6.	Has everybody in the family given the sleeping-porch a fair trial?	.....
7.	Have you plenty of flowers, a prize lawn, and a profitable garden?	.....
8.	Does the whole family enjoy together at least one evening a week?	.....
9.	Do you entertain the rich and the poor equally well, and equally often?	.....
10.	Is the right home regimen helping you to do more and better work each year?	.....
11.	Does each member follow the budget system of personal finances?	.....
12.	Do you take at least two home science magazines, have you read at least two home science books?	.....
13.	Have you joined a civic or domestic improvement association?	.....
14.	Do you consider moral backbone the finest home product, and are you making it?	.....
15.	Can you finish your work in a regular eight-hour day?	.....
16.	Is all your routine work planned ahead?	.....
17.	Are the meals prepared according to the rules of modern food science?	.....
18.	Have you made a special study of conserving your energies?	.....
19.	Is the kitchen fully supplied and equipped with labor-saving devices?	.....
20.	Are your relations with all tradespeople satisfactory?	.....
	Total equals your approximate grade in household efficiency.	.....

Buying the Land

CONSIDER many things before you buy your land. Regard this purchase as an investment, apart from household features. Weigh its value by the possibility of resale at a good price—what you paid, or more. Ask a number of good business men their opinion of 125 feet front and 150 to 200 feet in depth; a front less than seventy-five feet, in a populous section, crowds one too close to his neighbors, while a front longer than 125 feet means too much lawn mowing and general upkeep. Location should be high and dry, with house on highest part—a damp cellar quickly breeds disease. Air and light must be plentiful on all sides; before you build study plans of the air-light health cottages now so popular in Europe. Neighborhood should be quiet, no street car within five or six blocks, and no garage, theatre or other place of pandemonium near-by. Stores, schools and churches should be in reach of comfortable travel, with the place of work of each member of the family kept in view, as to daily loss of time in transit.

Always buy, however, just ahead of the crowd, where new transportation lines are sure to come, but have not yet come. The same rule holds in the country, where the "good roads" movement will increase the value of land. Have your title guaranteed by a title guarantee company or a firm of responsible lawyers. Before signing the contract, go and visit the property some Winter day, with a blizzard howling above and a snow-drift rising beneath, and no suave, summery land agent breathing soft nothings in your ear. The time to look at real estate is when the real estate man isn't looking.

Buy your land on instalments if necessary, paying the same as rent, after you negotiate with a building and loan company to advance money for the house. But pay cash for all the *contents* of the house. Furnish one room at a time, or buy one chair or picture—but pay cash. Comforts on credit are discomforts.

Place your house at least fifty feet back from the street if possible, for seclusion and symmetry, and at or near the centre of your plot, thus leaving space in front for flower beds, at sides for shrubbery, in rear for vegetable garden and perhaps fruit trees or berries.

Buy the Best

PRACTISE real economy by having the best where only the best will serve. Choose the best in grass seed, in flower and vegetable seeds, in building and roofing material, in house paint, in heating, lighting and ventilating systems, in plumbing and fireproofing, in wall finish and interior decoration, in bedroom, bathroom and kitchen furnishings, in hygienic factors throughout. Among building materials are wood, stone, tile, concrete, face brick, tapestry brick, tile-and-brick, tile-and-stucco, frame-and-stucco, patent compounds of different kinds. Among roofing materials are shingle, tin, slate, galvanized iron, tile, asphalt, and special chemical fabrics. Don't build without learning what your best material is for house and roof.

Study with extra care the problems of heat, light and ventilation. Most heating boilers burn only about sixty per cent. of their fuel; they become enthusiastic in hot weather and apathetic in cold. Get a *good* boiler, gentle, pliable and considerate of your purse, time and temper. The heating plant may be steam, hot water or hot air. Each claims advantages over the others. Whichever you order, be sure there is supplied at least thirty cubic feet of fresh air per minute for each occupant of every room. Some plants change the air completely every half hour. National heating companies will often study your house plan and make specific recommendations, without charge. As for illumination, a modern electric plant may now be installed for less than the price of a good piano. Or, acetylene may be used, or a self-generating gas now on the market.

Ponder long your color scheme. Before you paint your house, get a wide assortment of "color cards" from the leading paint companies, and make your house harmonious, or leave it unpainted.

Fix the size, location and arrangement of your rooms only after reading several books on home building, or consulting a domestic engineer. Otherwise, you are almost sure to neglect some vital part, learned only by experience. A wise procedure would be to visit one of the "practice cottages" in home economics now maintained by the more progressive schools, particularly agricultural colleges and universities.

Ask your friends and neighbors what mistakes and omissions were found in the construction of their homes, and avoid these. Among things commonly overlooked are: A cellar for storing fruits and vegetables, made of concrete, and thus rat-proof; a ten or twelve foot porch around two sides of the house—on the least exposed side an arrangement for out-door sleeping; a laundry extension to the rear of the house, with space for modern machines and equipment; a flight of back stairs, for surreptitious use when "company" is in the parlor and you haven't your company clothes on; a numerous and generous array of closets—closets being to a woman's comfort what pockets are to a man's; a playroom and gymnasium, where all the family can be children together; a lavatory on each floor; a speaking tube or interphone system of communication between floors; a grouping and spacing of kitchen, pantry and dining room according to the principles of scientific management; a sound-proof, detached study or library; a conservatory and solarium, where potted plants and also human flowers may take sun baths for their health.

Be Modern

PLAN to make your home thoroughly modern; in this respect do not take any house of a neighbor for a pattern, since new methods and utilities unknown even a few months ago are now available. Some of the typical modern improvements are these: patent wall linings, fire-resisting, sound-deadening and moisture-proof; liquid wall finish, artistic, washable and durable, to take the place of wall-paper; color-fast, reversible, moth-proof rugs, made to harmonize with color scheme of room; china and porcelain bathroom fixtures; new material, heat, acid and rust proof, for kitchen cabinets, ranges and refrigerators; non-rusting, non-corroding, wrought iron sanitary piping; weather-proof screening for windows and doors; hygienic ventilators, keeping out drafts, dust and storms; combination cellar window and coal-chute, to protect house and lawn from both coalman and burglar; milk bottle and package receiver, weather-proof and burglar-proof; underground garbage receiver, always closed, fly and cat proof; house revolving fan, run by alcohol; smokeless oil heater, for speedy warmth on Winter mornings; lawn mower that stays

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WHEN A MAN STOPS DRINKING

My Return to Life

By ONE WHO DID

Illustrated by GEORGE H. CHARLES

CHAPTER IV.

THE awful penalty of excessive drinking was mine at last. I was picked up in the street and rushed to a hospital, with that terrible scourge, delirium tremens, gripping my whole system in a vice of writhing agony. It was of my own making. I knew it was coming, but I was weak with an uncontrollable appetite for whiskey and let myself fall into this awful condition.

I am making my terrible experiences and sufferings public, as an object lesson to drinkers who are slowly reaching this sure condition of misery. The whole story and history of alcohol is a tragedy. My experience is given as a beacon light to those who are embarking upon this slippery road.

In the slimy trail of the alcoholic serpent you will find everything that is dark and dreadful. I did.

The sight of a man undergoing the terrible tortures of delirium tremens is one I trust you will never witness. It would live with you to the day of your death. God grant that horrible sight may forever be spared you.

What is there in whiskey that enters into a man and drags him down to the level of a beast?

I give but a mere outline of the picture of this terrible scourge, which condition, in the fullness of awful detail, God alone knows.

I was placed on a cot, stripped and manacled and put in a strait-jacket. My body writhed and trembled and my parched lips broke as I tried to utter words of condemnation to the attendants who were restraining me. I could plainly see toads squatting in the corners, and serpents coiled about the bed posts were hissing in my ears, while all manner of imps danced about in the air, spouting a blue flame in my face. Such a horrible, torturing condition no man can truly describe. The demons of hell were loosed to torment me.

IN my drunken frenzy I shrieked for alcohol—alcohol in any form. There were days of mental restlessness and nights of sleepless torture.

No chamber of horrors ever described could convey an adequate description of the awful soul killing writhings I experienced. Jumping out of the way of pink elephants, feeling carefully on my bed clothing for gila monsters and lizards, moaning, howling, crying for some one to relieve me from my awful condition, I would finally collapse into a fit. Occasionally a "shot of dope" would be injected to allay my sufferings, but even with that I would continue to writhe and curse, spit and glare, my eyeballs bloody and protruding and ablaze with fury.

Hideous faces were on the walls, the ceiling and the floor; foul things crept along my bedclothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. At one time I was surrounded by myriads of monstrous spiders and rats which crawled slowly over every limb, while beaded perspiration bathed my brow, and my limbs shivered until the bed rattled.

Strange coloured lights danced before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness appalled me by its dense gloom. All at once I seemed to be struck with a complete blindness. I knew an electric light was burning in the room, but I could not see it—all was so pitchy dark. Suddenly I saw, standing at the foot of my bed, a red devil with hands polluted with blood, and arms filled with crawling, wriggling serpents, stinging and hissing. My very vitals were pierced with agony as the red monster jeered and taunted and pursued his infernal work. Is there no escape from this terrible torture? It would seem as though nothing but death could give me relief, and oh! how welcome it would have been!

To somewhat alleviate my pain the attendant released my arms for a few minutes. All at once I lost the sense of feeling. I tried to grasp my arm in one hand, but the sense of touch was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and yet I knew my limbs, my frame, were there. Then the scene changed. I was falling—falling, swiftly as an arrow—far down into some terrible abyss; and so realistic was it, that as I fell, I saw the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, fiend-like forms were perched, and the air, rushing past me, made the sweat stream out by the force of its unwholesome blast. Sometimes the paroxysm ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments.

There were times when it was absolutely impossible to stand the strain for another minute; but the torture returned, and slimy, gliding, writhing, biting, stinging adders wound themselves about my body and thrust their forked and poisonous tongues into my sides.

My eyes were bleared and glistening, and pain and fright enthralled me; I prayed and begged and entreated that death might relieve me.

Not one man in one hundred thousand could go through my experience and still live.

I was not the only victim in my ward suffering with this awful curse.

I could hear the crackling fumes of burning victims and the shrieks of suffering men. Around their dying beds serpents unfolded coil after coil from out of the darkness, brandishing their forked tongues to sting them and lick their blood as a fierce flame licks up its fuel.

Some in their agony begged to plunge into a lake of fire to escape still greater torture; others stood on their cots shrieking with agony and begging the attendants to throw them down to earth. Demoniacal ravings, muttering and curses made a perfect bedlam of the ward; the whole a human tragedy terrible to witness. Some were moaning and crying, shrieking and cursing and dying, while several uttered the most heart-piercing and piteous prayers for death to relieve them that ever passed the lips of man.

Drink sentences
thousands of miserable women
and pitiable children to lead most wretched lives

EVEN now these terrible combats come back to me like a nightmare and live again in ghostly pantomime in my sleep.

One poor victim, a well known business man, fell on his knees with his hands clasped in prayer, his eyes looking upward, shrieking that death might come at once to relieve him; and it did.

The most impressive and saddest sight of all was that of a young man scarcely out of his teens, chained to a cot, suffering with delirium tremens; some good mother's boy who had been caught and pinioned in the horrible grip of drink.

Look in every direction and you will see the frightful, devastating evidences of drink.

The drink traffic is the cause of most of the crimes committed; it causes an amazing waste of national resources, both physical and human. Pauperism is its offspring; it causes the great majority of divorces and other domestic difficulties which fill our police courts; it is the advance agent of the social evil; causes thousands of premature deaths; chokes our prisons, penitentiaries, jails, insane asylums, reformatories, and hospitals, and sentences thousands of miserable men and yet more miserable women and pitiable children to live most wretched lives. It blights the body and soul and is the chief bane and ruin of thousands of homes.

My Coming Back

I WAGED war with the demon, and I am no longer in bondage. Starting in at the scene of my defeat, I am rapidly working myself up the highway of sobriety, respect, contentment and health.

It was a long, hard, bitter battle, but at last I conquered the enemy. I am now free from the terrible incubus of drink, but the memory of those ruinous years can never be wholly eradicated. My thoughts are now free from remorse or fear; and in my final rise from the cavernous depths of drunkenness and despair to the beautiful light of soberness, and the possession of an unshackled mind, I have tried to tell my experience with that monster, whiskey. To the silent and secret sufferer, enmeshed in the whirlpool, I give encouragement; and warn all drinking men of the abyss yawning to swallow and clutch and strangle them in deadly embrace unless the habit be stopped at once.

Neither tongue nor pen can truthfully picture the silent and terrible grip that gnaws at the heart of a man who is coming back to a life of sobriety after years of terrible dissipation. It is a tortuous trip. Thousands embark for passage, but few arrive at an absolutely sober destination. Temptations and discouragements are always present.

There is no fixed time when a man cursed and burdened with drink may come to himself; but I was coming back, and in a manner and by a route that proved providential. My time to be free of the demon had been marked out. My last drunken attempt to secure money, paradoxical as it may seem, resulted in my reformation. God certainly "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

ONE cold February morning in 1914 I called at the office of a fuel company and presented a cheque with the request that I be accommodated with the currency. While pretending to accommodate me, a clerk stepped to the telephone and called up the bank whose cheque I was using. They told the clerk that it was worthless and to call an officer. I heard the word "officer" repeated by the clerk to the assistant manager.

I shot out of the door and was confronted by about twenty coal heavers from the fuel company's yards with shovels and clubs. Of course I surrendered. I capitulated to this vast "army" and was taken to the office. On my arrival a police officer was waiting and took me to the police station. I was trembling and nervous, shattered from drink, and on the verge of delirium tremens. God knows I needed a stimulant, but I had had "My Last Drink," and from that minute I forsook strong drink forever.

The following morning I was arraigned before a judge who had known me in the days when I was a prosperous, respected and sober citizen. As I was brought to the bar, he viewed me with a pitying eye and said:—"Alderman, you are charged with operating a confidence game. What have you to say?"

I admitted the charge was true, told the Judge I was drunk at the time, had only a vague recollection of the transaction, that I was already on parole, and had just been released from the county jail. I begged the court to change the charge in the complaint from "operating a confidence game," which would send me back to the county jail to await action by the grand jury, to "disorderly conduct," which would place me within jurisdiction of his court. After some thought the Judge changed the charge. I pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to sixty days.

The Judge was kind enough to recommend that I be placed in the hospital and requested me to write to him at the end of thirty days and, if convinced that I wanted to stop drinking, he would assist me in securing a release. I remained only a few days, however, my never failing friends coming to the front and securing my release.

After I was sentenced, I was bundled into the prison 'bus for my journey. This 'bus will seat about twenty, but

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LOVE, AND A FAMILY FEUD

Showing How the Light in an Old Man's Life Went Out Before a Greater and Brighter Illumination

By DAN BRENNAN

Illustrated by DARBY MOORE

Presently the bushes were stirred by something other than the wind and, parting the branches before her, a girl with a bucket stepped through. Quite a pretty girl; and the pink of her gingham dress, with white sun-bonnet, lent a charming touch of life and colour to the quiet scene. This time the man stood erect, watching her and waiting.

IT was July. The metallic rasping of the myriads of grasshoppers served but to accentuate the listlessness and loneliness which pervaded the world. The leaves on the trees hung motionless; the creek scarcely voiced a murmur as it slid from pool to pool; the shadows were long on the mirroring surface of the water; and the somnolent cattle stood still and ruminant in the shingly, cool shallows that lay beneath the willow trees.

Just below the ford, where a straggling concession road came down to the stream, a young man sat on the edge of a shadow-flecked eddy, above which he idly dangled a long fishing rod and line—a big, broad-shouldered fellow, clad in blue overalls; his eyes, too, were blue, and his hair fair and curly. Thirty yards straight across the stream and just at the foot of an overhanging beech was a spring, beside which a brown, rusty pail leaned. Beyond the spring a ragged hillside, cumbered with underbrush, stones and knotted roots, showed itself, and, zigzagging erratically up the steep incline, a little pathway led from the spring toward a brown farmhouse which, though hidden by the intervening trees, stood on the plateau above.

It was this path that the loiterer watched to the neglect of his rod and line. When the vagrant breeze shook the bushes which obscured the narrow approach, he half rose, expectantly; and even after he had dropped back disappointedly, the carelessness of his posture was belied by the eagerness of his gaze. Presently the bushes were stirred by something other than the wind and, parting the branches before her, a girl with a bucket stepped through. Quite a pretty girl; and the pink of her gingham dress, with white sun-bonnet, lent a charming touch of life and colour to the quiet scene. This time the man stood erect, watching her and waiting.

Perceiving the intruder upon her private domain, she gave a little start of surprise; then, tilting her sun-bonnet forward, she came down and leaned over the spring.

"Sa-a-y!" The man was very red. Twice he had tried to call to her, but it seemed to him that his swiftly beating heart had each time risen in his throat and choked him. Then he realized that his opportunity was passing, and at last he spoke, but his voice was odd and strained. Would she wither him with a scornful glance or would she take up her bucket quickly and vanish along the path?

She did neither. She lifted the pail, now filled to the brim, and placed it on the broad, flat stone at the side of the spring; then she faced him calmly and answered.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her eyes seemed to disconcert him and he cast about hurriedly for words. "C'n—c'n I come over there an' get a drink?"

FOR one moment the girl was disposed to laugh at him—to tell him that the spring and dipper had been there ere she came, and would be there after she was gone. But the man was young and goodly to look upon, and the woman was a daughter of Eve, hence she cast a quick glance backward up the path. There was nothing there save a sparrow balancing itself on a bough, so—like Eve—she looked at the tempter again.

"Yes," she replied, glancing first at the stream and then back at him doubtfully. "Come, if you want to."

He understood her look. "There's a foot log below," he said, "but I'll cross so." He caught an overhanging branch and swung himself lightly. In another moment he was across and almost at her side. A look of admiration crept into her eyes as she stooped to fill the dipper. He came nearer. "Lemme do that," he ejaculated. He caught at the dipper and, as he did, his hand touched hers. The contact thrilled him. She gave up the utensil reluctantly. Somehow it seemed to her that it would have been good to serve him, even in so small a thing.

Then, as he began to apologise, she looked at him curiously. Last Sunday he had been seated just opposite to her in church, and his home lay yonder, not a full two miles from her own. All his life she had known of his comings and goings, and yet never before had he spoken to her. Twenty years ago their forebears had indulged in a "falling out"—a little thing at first, but one which had speedily grown—and since that time no Norton had spoken to a Hains, nor a Hains to a Norton. And yet, to-day, after all these years of strife, a Hains had come of his own free will and put foot on Norton soil, and asked from a woman of the Nortons the favour of a drink at her hands. Why had he come? To fish? She glanced at the neglected rod and smiled at the thought.

When he had drunk, she took the dipper, and their fingers touched again.

"You're John Hains, aren't you?" she asked, looking up at him and smiling; but in her heart she was questioning what her father would say, should he find this visitor here.

INFLUENCED by her smile, a sudden accession of courage came to the man. He had been afraid that she might remember that quarrel which their fathers had made, and for all his six feet of stature he was unused to women, and sensitive. Moreover, above all others this woman had power to make him feel. Now, however, he was assured, and he laughed aloud.

"Just to think," he said, "of you an' me purtendin' not to know one another. Why, I've been a-knowin' you, Beth, since you were so high," and he measured gleefully with his hands. "Gee whiz, how pretty you were! I didn't dare speak to you, but—but—" His face was growing red again, and a new light had come into his eyes.

The woman's wit of the girl gave her a sufficient warning, and she moved uneasily. "I-I've got to be goin' now," she remarked apologetically.

"Would you,"—the man had grown nonplussed and awkward again,—"would you mind, Beth, if I—I came back sometimes—to—to get another drink?"

She looked down at the hem of her apron, then gathered it up in her fingers and creased it into tiny folds. How angry her father would be if he knew!

"Father—" she stammered, "Father, he—!" It was she who was embarrassed now.

The man nodded understandingly. "I know," he said, "I know. That's why I asked you."

She glanced at him shyly. "I—I don't mind," she said.

He picked up the bucket. "I wish I could carry it for yeh," he remarked. "I would, only—" He was half minded to walk with her straight to her father's door and tell that old man that his folly of quarrelling must cease here and now. But she interrupted him.

"It wouldn't do—it would only make more trouble. I must go now. Good-bye—J-John."

The man stood watching her contemplatively, as she vanished up the path. All his life he had wished to speak to her, to make himself agreeable to her, but he could not, because his elders and hers—those elders who think themselves so wise, and who wish to be as gods in dominating the affairs of their children—had ordered otherwise. Once—they were at school then and she had forgotten all about it, no doubt—he had thrust a big red apple into her hand, and then had run away hastily; and she, being a wise little girl, had immediately eaten the apple lest some one should be questioning. In after years, when more of maturity and self consciousness had come to him, he had hidden his preference and had looked upon her furtively. But even as he grew tall and strong, so his desire had grown, yet Fate and his elders were against him all the while. But to-day manhood had dawned, and he had come here to take Fate by the throat and to speak to the girl. Yesterday he had been a child, heedful of those who commanded him; now he was ready to face his own problems and to solve them.

When the girl disappeared, he turned back to the creek, strode through the weeds and brushwood to the foot log which lay below. Then, crossing this, he took his way homeward through the sunlight that fell upon the fields of gold.

The Awakening

SLOWLY following the path, the girl came with lingering footsteps to the top of the hill, and to the corner of that clover-field beyond which lay the gray porch of the weather-beaten dwelling. At the rail fence she halted a moment. Already the afternoon was passing; the old house and the apple trees at its back were barred with long lines of shadows in their setting of purple and gold—the purple of the clover-bloom and the streaming gold of the sun—while at the gate of the clean little yard her father stood shading his eyes and looking toward the farm hands who were at work in a distant wheat field.

At the sight of the grizzled old man the girl's conscience smote her suddenly. People of the neighbourhood called Bill Norton a hard man and one given to prejudices, but he had never been so to her; she was his only child, and her mother was long since dead. To her, he was father and mother in one; in her childhood he had nurtured her, and in her fair young womanhood he was proud of her. All this she knew, and now it seemed to her that she had sinned against him in that she had failed to scorn the man from whom he would have withheld her. And yet—

She was not willing to follow up all her questionings. What she had done was done—why think again of such a trivial thing? She swung her bucket clear of the fence and, lifting her skirt daintily, she went toward him across the clover. He was growing old; his labours of other days had prospered; now in the evening of life he could rest if he wished. So he had left his "hands" at their work and had come for cool water and refreshment into the shade of the apple trees.

His eyes twinkled as she approached. "Somebody mislaid the spring?" he asked, solicitously.

"Why?"

"We-e-ell, you was gone quite a while, so I thought mebbe the place had been moved an' that you was a-lookin' for it."

She walked to the shelf on the porch and put the bucket away. Usually she replied to banter in kind, but now she was silent and seemingly wished to escape.

BUT the old man did not notice; he was thinking of other things. And when he had quenched his thirst and had slanted a chair back downward against the porch facing, he brought a pillow, placed it upon this incline and stretched himself upon the floor. There he dozed for awhile, and afterward watched the girl from his half-closed lids, and looked now and again at the robins which were nesting in his trees. Last year there had been but one nest, he remembered, but now, since the young birds of last season had builded, there were two. Then, as he turned his eyes away and gazed down the stretch of near-by road, he could see another house which was brown and old like his own; beyond that men were moving about—men who looked tired and small in the hot and hazy distance—and a raw, new frame of yellow pine was being raised. That was Sam Wilson's place, and the new house belonged

(*Concluded on page 36*)

This boy likes to talk; can pick up foreign languages with ease; good memory; possesses the knack of getting on with strangers, of knowing what he wants and of getting it.

Positive, active, dynamic; good salesman; likes the variety of the commercial traveller's life; enjoys meeting people; rapid thinker; can think ahead of his customer and dominate the interview.

This boy will make an invaluable addition to any office staff; a constitution that will stand sedentary work; good head for figures; patient, orderly, with an infinite capacity for details.

Quick, active; cannot stand confining detail work; practical, observant, understands human nature, can manage others; will make teacher, preacher, manager; can control and direct boys.

Here we have the successful doctor—good digestion, strong physique, high order of intelligence, understanding sympathy, tact, optimism, keen knowledge of human nature

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF YOUR BOY?

Measure Him Up for His Vocation in Life

By ARTHUR B. FARMER

Head of the Psychological Clinic of the Memorial Institute, Toronto

MEASURE your boy.

Of course you have measured him ever since he was big enough to stand up against the wall—measured him for the pure joy of noting how he was growing.

But measure him again very carefully and without his shoes and find his exact height. Careful measurements taken regularly are an indication of development—the more normal the development, the more regular the increase in height. Conditions that interfere with or are detrimental to health result in spasmodic growth.

"Children grow like weeds," says the distracted mother, as she views Johnnie's knees parting company with his trousers and his elbows leaving his sleeves behind. Very true! They do grow like weeds, which is only another way of saying that they grow more rapidly in Summer than in Winter, and stronger and more sturdy in warmth and sunshine than in darkness and cold. Children are as sensitive to environment as plants and respond to sunshine and gladness as quickly as do flowers.

Height as an indication of the characteristics of the boy is important; height and weight considered together is very important; but height and breadth is most important.

Measure your boy again, but this time measure him across. Have him stretch his arms out against the wall and note very carefully the exact distance from finger tip to finger tip. The total stretch across the arms should be nearly equal to the height. The difference of an inch or more either way is an indication of the kind of life for which he is adapted and the occupation in which he will be successful.

The comparison of these two measurements, the stature and the stretch across the arms, tell us at once the relative development of the limbs and of the trunk, and this determines the class of vocation for which your boy is fitted.

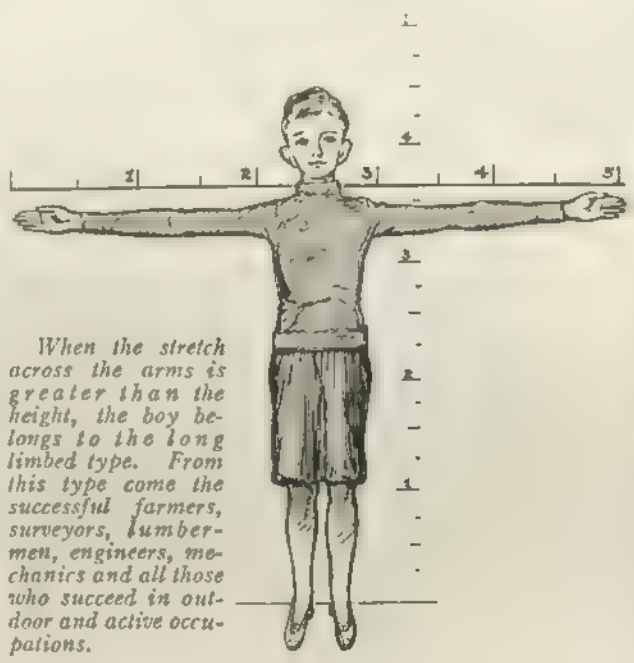
"That boy," continues the distracted mother, "is all arms and legs." Some boys are; some are not. And this "length of limb" isn't accident, but nature's clear indication pointing the way toward a particular fitness for some especial line of work.

Long Bodies for Business

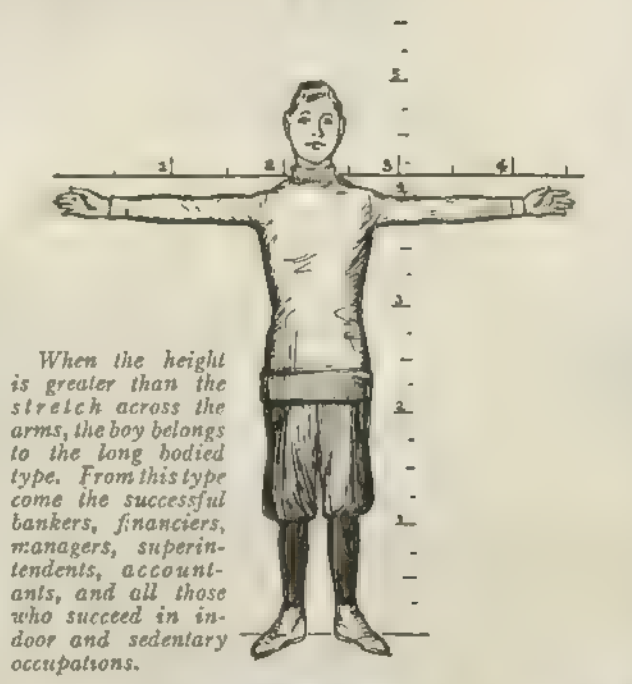
ROUGHLY speaking, we may be divided into two classes —those whose bodies are long in proportion to the arms and legs, and those whose arms and legs are long and bodies short.

The torso or trunk contains the digestive system, the heart, lungs, and all the vital organs; and in the long body it follows that these organs have plenty of space and are well developed. Hence digestion is good, and therefore the brain well nourished. It follows then that a large amount of mental work may be done with but little muscular activity. This man does not require much physical freedom or activity to maintain good health and mental alertness, and he is capable of much mental work.

It is clear, then, that the long bodied man is a good man of business, a good executive. He can sit and plan, attend to detail and direct others to do the work; and because he can sit and plan and direct others, without impairing either his appetite or digestion, he usually becomes more or less stout as he approaches middle age.



When the stretch across the arms is greater than the height, the boy belongs to the long limbed type. From this type come the successful farmers, surveyors, lumbermen, engineers, mechanics and all those who succeed in outdoor and active occupations.



When the height is greater than the stretch across the arms, the boy belongs to the long bodied type. From this type come the successful bankers, financiers, managers, superintendents, accountants, and all those who succeed in indoor and sedentary occupations.

Have you ever noticed that the cartoonists always picture the successful business man as fat? And did you ever stop to think that there is a big truth underlying the conception of the business man as the cartoonist sees him!

The man who is interested in food is the man who enjoys his meals; and to enjoy one's meals means good digestion and appetite. The long bodied man has both, since nature gave him plenty of room for good, large digestive organs. It is but a short step from the enjoyment of anything to an appreciation of it, and from an appreciation of it to setting a value on it. Do this in regard to food, and the appreciation of other things follows—the good things of life. That which we like and appreciate is often in our thoughts; we think about it, plan for it and work toward it. From the liking for and appreciation of food we expand to the appreciation and accumulation of land, merchandise, houses; and then, as money buys all these things, we value and appreciate money for what it secures us. Sometimes we don't know what we want, and then the miser is evolved—we love money for its own sake.

Long Limbs for Liberty

WHEN the stretch from finger tip to finger tip is greater than the height, the indication is that the limbs are long in proportion to the body. In this case the muscular system is strong, but the vital organs that support it are relatively weak. The digestive organs have not the room for good development, nor space to do their work properly. They are small and weak and do not supply a sufficient quantity of nourishment to the brain to allow of heavy or prolonged mental effort.

When the boy reaches the age of puberty, he is "all arms and legs," and the distracted mother is forever adding inches to his trousers and jackets. He grows overnight and is never still. But the trunk of the body grows slowly at this period, and the boy—in flight—resembles nothing so much as an attenuated spider. At this time his stretch across the arms is greater than the total stature.

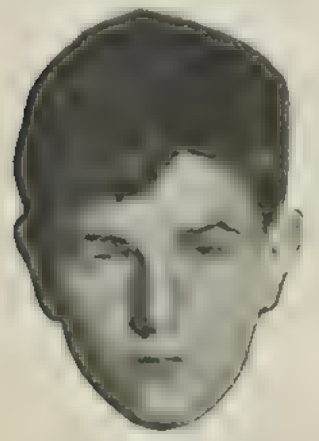
The limbs outgrowing the trunk throws a heavy strain on the vital organs, which have failed to keep pace, with the result that the boy cannot stand as much study and confinement as he did a few years earlier.

"He is growing too fast," the distracted mother complains, and "Johnnie, do keep still," is her eternal cry. But if Johnnie keeps still, he is a sick boy, and the distracted mother does not know what to do. Because he has so much in the way of arms and legs, he shows an astonishing amount of muscular strength and is continually using his strength in all manner of expected and unexpected ways. He excels in all kinds of out-of-door sports. In fact, he's a general nuisance in the house —you never know just where that length of leg is going to take him, nor where that long arm is going to reach.

During this time, which usually lasts until about the seventeenth year, his energies are all toward those sports where his long limbs cause him to excel—running, jumping, sprinting, and ball games.

But with those long limbs go a short body, and he is

(*Continued on page 26*)



This boy will make good in manufacturing; ambitious, keen, capable of taking responsibility and of assuming authority; can control those under him, but will do so with very few words.

The type of boy to place in a machine shop; love of machinery of all kinds; possesses the patience and perseverance necessary to plod along at particular but monotonous work.

Parents are apt to underestimate this boy's ability; he sees and notes everything but says nothing, and will be more at home in the chemical laboratory than in the shop or office.

Very strong religious impulses, keen sense of duty, high minded, unselfish, altruistic, if he does not become a minister, he will surely be a deacon or an active religious worker.

A born business man; loves to buy and sell; makes a profit on every deal; possesses almost unlimited vitality, will grow fat and prosperous in the world of business or finance.

FARMERS' WIVES OUT OF BONDAGE

How the Farmer Feeds the Nation, and the Woman Feeds the Farmer

By ELIZABETH SEARS

ALONG about June in a big wheat year the compilers of statistics begin to figure out how many bushels of wheat will be raised, just how many loaves of bread each bushel will make and how many loaves are due per man per nation. On paper it looks right convincing. The farmer feeds the nation.

We feed the farmer—we women of the farms. We know what it costs to feed him and to get that wheat in condition for shipment ready to feed the nation. We've fed our women to the wheat crops for a good many years, now; but you don't hear much about our share in the feeding. It has been hard on the women—this feeding the farmer and the nation.

Sometimes when I'm stirring up a batch of raised biscuit for breakfast, and I sift in the soft, creamy flour and think of the price we women have had to pay for it—it sort of sets me against wheat-bread for a while, and I go back to corn-bread, although we paid a price for the corn, too—we women.

I have always loved the Alberta prairie. You couldn't hire me to leave the farm and be cooped up in town without room to breathe. In every season of the year the prairies roll away, wave after wave, giving you a limitless impression as I imagine the sea must do—just splashing right along beyond the horizon, right to the turning-point. There couldn't be anything prettier than the plowed fields of a spring evening, with the long, freshly turned furrows all seeming to converge in a point toward the sun as it drops, big and round and red, below the edge; and the men unhook from the plow and ride in sitting sideways on their lead horse, whistling contentedly as they think of their good, hot supper.

Colour appeals to me. I always stop a few minutes on the high ridge just before we drop down into the slope toward home when we come from town. You can see into three counties from there on a clear day. Just before wheat-cutting, it is a wonderful view. As far as the eye can reach, melting into the horizon, there is field after field of wheat, tawny yellow in the shadows that the clouds trail over it, and rippling in waves where the wind bends the bearded tops, just as though the wind were playing tag with the shadows. It lies in even squares, for Alberta is laid off in sections, even and exact as a checker-board. There are no wandering lanes, and you drive straight as a die, fenced in on both sides with wire fence or low-cut hedges for miles, sure that at each mile you will reach a cross-road.

THEY say it is too vast and monotonous to be of artistic value in a picture; but it stirs my emotions like great, thrilling chords of music. I often snatched a minute or two from my work, even when burdens pressed heavily, to look at the prairie pictures and to breathe deep of the freshness of the prairie air. It put a minute or two of joy into my day, that made up for the dreary drudgery before I had learned to organize both myself and my job of being a farmer's wife, and to adjust myself to my share of the business.

I dimly felt, even in those days, that there must be some way to make it easier for the woman on the farm. We kept going right round in a circle. We never could seem to meet the seasons squarely in the face because we were always dragging along a bit of the unfinished work of the season before. Heavens to Betsey! The days when I wished I could go to sleep and sleep right through the harvesting season!

If anybody on earth needs the doctrine of conservation of energy and good horse-sense preached to her, it is the farmer's wife. And the more she needs it, the harder it is to reach her with it. It is the hardest thing in the world to make her realize that it is up to her to solve her own problems and adjust her own difficulties and to use her own brains to do it.

We used to be afraid of the farm missionaries when the provincial agricultural colleges began to send them out. They came into the counties to hold Institutes. We used to scorn them with the inherent antagonism that the farm woman has for the city woman—an antagonism that is born of the fear of being looked down upon. We learned that there is nothing the woman in the city has that we could not have. We learned that it is simply a matter of adjustment. We had to have it borne in upon us that we must be trained as much for our work on the farm as the city woman for her work in the town—that we were not naturally good housekeepers and good cooks and good mothers simply because we had been born females.

When a little frail instructor from the Provincial Agricultural College came to our town and was able to tell me the reason why my bread had been souring all summer and how to prevent it, and I got it through my head that she knew what she was talking about, I woke up to a lot that I had missed.

Our problems of trying to do the work of three with nothing to do with has filled many a sanitorium. The hospitals are crowded with us. And how full the cemeteries were of us in the old days—the price we paid for the big crops and the prosperity of the country! And Alberta is not the only province that is full of the unwritten records of the women who paid for the crops with their lives. They are still paying for the wheat.

MY mother died because she was too tired to try to make an effort to live any longer. Looking back on it now, I cannot remember ever seeing her sit with folded hands. They said little of their hard lives, these brave women who helped to build up the prairies. They accepted it uncomplainingly. When our Country Club met at our house last week, my aunt was there as a guest. We have thirty members in our club. Ten of them drove their own automobiles. All but two live in modern houses with heat and water. We buy the latest thing in foot-gear, which is the one sure sign of progress in a farm woman. One of the members was humorously relating the trials of having a frozen water-pipe mended, and Aunt Kish told of the days when she had to carry water a quarter of a mile from a creek. My aunt is a gay old lady, and all the weight of her seventy years has not smothered her resilient disposition. Her husband died after their third big wheat crop—drank himself to death celebrating it in Calgary—and she has had the first real time of her life ever since.

WHEN she came to Alberta in the early fifties, she drove a team herself from Winnipeg, with a ten-months' old baby on the seat beside her. She and her husband took up a claim forty miles from a settlement. Wandering Indians were their only neighbours, and terrified her daily by their company. When they had been there less than a year her husband returned to Winnipeg and remained three months. She was left alone to look after the crops, shuck the corn, and take care of the place. While he was gone her third baby was born. Her only help was an Indian squaw, who had chanced in to beg a loaf of bread and remained to help the young mother in her extremity.

"We didn't think anything of it," said my aunt. "We were too busy while it was happening to think about it. We went through a lot those days; but, land of Goshen! we are making up for it now, with our furnaces, and our gasolene engines for the churns and washing machines, and our automobiles."

IT has always seemed strange to me—the economic dependence of women. A man who is confronted by extra work never tries to do three men's work. He goes out and hires two extra men. A woman simply shifts the burden on her shoulders to make room for another one, and lets it go at that. She snips a little off the night-time in the morning and a little off at night and burns the daylight at both ends. She gets the credit of preparing three meals a day and washing up the dishes. Heaven only knows who the men think does the washing and ironing, sewing and preserving, gardening and chickening and baby-raising, but somebody does it.

I remember we had a neighbour once who expected the stork at harvest-time. You'd have thought she had interrupted the work of the universe, the way her husband fussed because she could not be up and around at wheat harvest. He fussed about it a little too much, for one day she hitched up the horse, took the children over to her mother's, borrowed car-fare from her father, and went to Calgary on the afternoon train and into a maternity hospital. Nobody ever knew what started such a crazy idea in her head. No farmer's wife from our region had ever been known to go to a hospital; but there she went and there she stayed for four weeks after the baby came. She told me herself that she had never had such a delightful rest in her life as those four weeks. Most women do not look back on such an event as a vacation. Of course she had a row about it when she got back. Her husband threatened to refuse to pay the bill—that seems to be the first eruption in husbands. He had had to hire a harvesting crew who brought their own cook with them, and he had missed his wife's cooking. But after it was all over and talked out and he had sort of simmered down, he had a new respect for her. She brought home a good nurse from Calgary, who remained with her as housekeeper for four years, and her husband never cheeped about it. He rather held up his head with pride at being able to brag how he sent his wife to a good hospital where she had fine care, and how he kept a good girl for her all the time. His wife let him think it was all his own plan; but she had outlined matters to him pretty plainly when she came back.

"WHEN you had appendicitis," she pointed out to him, "you went to the hospital and had the best of surgeons and the best of nurses for four weeks. When my first two babies were born, we had only a neighbour's wife for doctor and nurse, and you grumbled at having to pay her five dollars a week for two weeks' time."

Men are reasonable enough once you get an idea beaten into their heads. It's mostly our fault, I'll admit. We don't know how to handle our husbands. It's like everything else—if you let a case of thoughtless husband run on too long, it takes a sure hand and a major operation to remedy matters.

Like my aunt and my mother, I had never had any special consideration and never expected any. All the other farmers' wives I knew were like me—thin, overworked, and with several children. The asylums and the cemeteries were always full of us; but there seemed to be plenty to fill the vacancies. It used to seem to me that women were the cheapest things in the world. A good team of horses cost at least three hundred dollars, and they had their meals taken in to them and rested on Sunday.

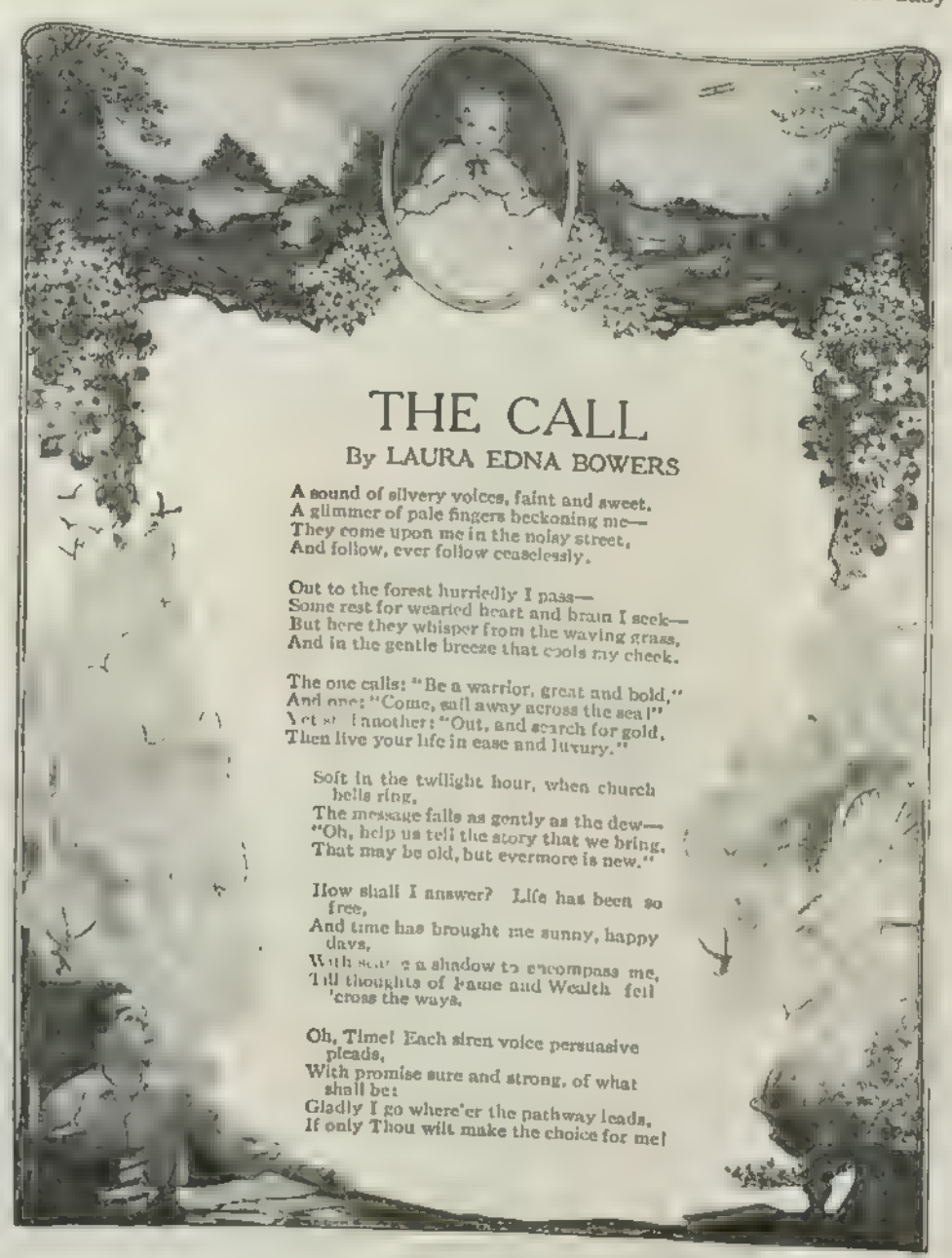
About all a woman cost in real money was the expense of the license and the preacher and undertaker's bill. She cooked and served the meals and seldom had time to eat her own properly.

Sunday on the farm is the day your friends drop in and bring the children. There is no rest for the farm woman on Sunday.

We lived unthinkingly. We wondered why the hens would not lay when eggs were high, but we could not study out the relation between a scarcity of eggs and a high price; neither could we figure out a ration that would make them lay the year around. We knew the corn crop had begun to fail, but we never thought of feeding that poor, starved soil from which we had taken year after year and never given back. We had the same rush of spring work, the same debts at the store, and perhaps a baby every eighteen months. In between, we went through the yearly agony of watching for the rain clouds in the dry season.

Rain was the arbiter of our fate during those early days. We used to get in the crops in anxiety, and then watch those

(*Continued on page 23*)



THE CALL

By LAURA EDNA BOWERS

A sound of silvery voices, faint and sweet,
A glimmer of pale fingers beckoning me—
They come upon me in the noisy street,
And follow, ever follow ceaselessly.

Out to the forest hurriedly I pass—
Some rest for wearied heart and brain I seek—
But here they whisper from the waving grass,
And in the gentle breeze that cools my cheek.

The one calls: "Be a warrior, great and bold,"
And one: "Come, sail away across the sea!"
Yet still another: "Out, and search for gold,
Then live your life in ease and luxury."

Soft in the twilight hour, when church bells ring,
The message falls as gently as the dew—
"Oh, help us tell the story that we bring,
That may be old, but evermore is new."

How shall I answer? Life has been so free,
And time has brought me sunny, happy days,
With scarce a shadow to encompass me,
Till thoughts of Fame and Wealth fell 'cross the ways.

Oh, Time! Each siren voice persuasive pleads,
With promise sure and strong, of what shall be:
Gladly I go where'er the pathway leads,
If only Thou wilt make the choice for me!

LET US CONSIDER CLOTHES FOR AWHILE

SMART DESIGNS FOR AUTUMN

By MAY MANTON

NOS. 9154–9156.—The box plaited blouse is very new, and this model shows it at its best. It is finished with a pretty and becoming collar and can be made with long sleeves that flare over the hands or with elbow sleeves. It is a good model for the gown as it is used here, and is also excellent for the separate blouse that every woman likes and for which there are never too many pretty designs. Here, the material is checked mohair trimmed with white corded silk and it gives a very smart effect, and is a really useful gown for between seasons. The gown could be made of a light weight wool material as well as of silk, and for the blouse could be used cotton voile, crepe and the various tub silks. The skirt is five-gored and the back edges are finished and lapped one over the other. The closing can be made at the back or at the left of the front. It is a graceful and becoming model and so simple that it makes an especial appeal to the home dressmaker. It is finished with a belt, and the skirt is desirable for every material that can be tailored, and that means many of the silks and also a variety of wool materials. Mohair is a favorite material and is an excellent weight for immediate wear, but there are many wool fabrics that are quite as appropriate for the skirt or the entire costume. The wool crepes are pretty and always serviceable, light weight broadcloth is used, and wool serge is a pronounced favorite for gowns of this kind.

For the medium size the blouse requires 3⅛ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36 or 2⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard for the collar. For the skirt will be needed 6¼ yards 27 or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide, if there is figure or nap, but if not, 4¼ yards 36 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide will suffice; it is 3 yards and 8 inches in width at the lower edge. The blouse pattern No. 9154 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9156 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure.

NOS. 9158-9139.—It would be impossible to find a smarter Autumn suit than this. The coat with the flaring skirt gives the very newest and most fashionable lines. The skirt, while it consists of two simple pieces, is distinctly novel. Here, it is plaited and pockets are inserted under the plaits near the fronts, but if a thinner material is used, it can be gathered. The frill at the upper edge is optional, it can be used or not as preferred. Serge is a favorite for suits of this kind, and this design is perfectly adapted to it, but light weight broadcloth and wool velour is greatly in vogue. Many handsome and serviceable suits are made of mohair, so that there is an interesting variety offered. In this case, the collar is of silk and the little touch of a different material is smart. Later, velvet would take the place of the silk and perhaps the cuffs would match it. Velour comes in checks and stripes as well as in plain colours, and checked broadcloth is also one of the novelties of the Autumn season. They are quite as appropriate for this costume as the plain fabrics, and will be extensively used throughout both the Autumn and Winter. Velour is pretty with trimming of broadcloth, as the two materials make an excellent contrast, and the revers and cuffs as well as the collar could be made of broadcloth on a velour background.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅛ yards of material 36, 2⅞ yards 44 or 2¼ yards 54 inches wide, with ⅜ of a yard any width for the collar; for the skirt will be needed 6¾ yards 36 or 5 yards 44 inches wide; it is 4¼ yards in width. The coat pattern No. 9158 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure and the skirt No. 9139 in sizes from 24 to 30 inches waist measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

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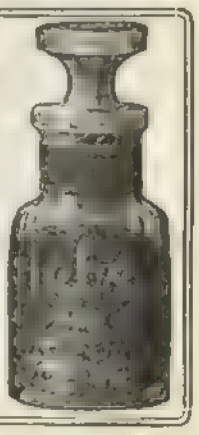

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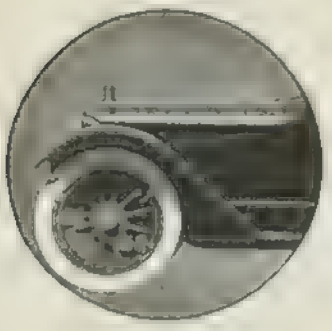

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THE NEW SEASON'S STREET WEAR

NO. 9145.—Surplice closings are much liked. They are always pretty and generally becoming. This gown is finished with a pretty collar and ornamental pockets that trim the skirt most successfully. It is made here of serge in a light weight, trimmed with moire silk and braid. The combination is fashionable and good and the gown serviceable, but it may be copied in a variety of materials. Serge is a favorite, but alpaca is much used and could be made in this way. Street dresses of broadcloth are in demand and the light weight broadcloths are admirable. If an indoor dress is wanted, taffeta could be used, for taffeta serves for almost every hour of the day. There are various ways in which the serge could be treated to make variety. Every kind of needlework is fashionable. Embroidery with wool and silk threads or beads is seen upon many of the newest and handsomest models. This dress made of serge and embroidered with worsted would be exceedingly attractive and smart, while the labour is very slight, since the threads fill up rapidly. A very good effect can be obtained by combining grey and dark red on a blue background. Just a little simple design worked on the edge of the collar, the pocket laps, the cuffs, the front edges of the blouse and the belt, would make a very distinctive and really elegant gown. Serge is sometimes embroidered with beads, and jet bugles can be applied in straight rows, three or five, each row alternating with a space. If they are used to finish the pocket laps, the cuffs, the fronts of the blouse, the belt and the collar, you will get a very smart effect and the work of sewing on these beads is trivial. Silk threads are liked for embroidery on serge, and both conventional flowers and the purely conventional designs are used. Simple stitches are preferred, either the over and over stitches that fill up rapidly, darning or French knots. Alpaca is pretty trimmed with velvet ribbon and combined with silk. This dress made just as it is here of alpaca with the collar and trimming of faille silk, edged with braid, would be exceedingly handsome. If an indoor dress of taffeta is under consideration, it would be pretty to make it all of one material and use bands of velvet ribbon in place of the braid, or you could make the dress of a plain taffeta and the trimming of plaid. Taffeta is pretty trimmed with serge; serge on taffeta has a good effect and the serge can be edged with braid or with velvet ribbon.

The medium size requires 10¼ yards of material 27, 6½ yards 36 or 4 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ of a yard for the trimming and 4½ yards of braid; the skirt is 3 yards and 14 inches in width at the lower edge. The pattern No. 9145 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

NO. 9151.—The coat in Redingote style is one of the newest and smartest. For the present season it is made in pongee and in various silks that are adapted to tailored treatment. Here, a heavy crepe-finished pongee is shown in natural colour, and the coat is exceedingly smart. For the coming season, the model is good for all cloaking materials, but for immediate wear nothing better than pongee could be suggested. It is summer-like in effect, pleasant and cool to wear, light of weight, sheds dust and is perfectly adapted to the tailored style. If preferred, the skirt can be cut shorter as indicated in one of the small views, and the cape omitted, but most women will like the coat as it is shown here as it is exceedingly smart treated in this way. The pocket laps arranged over the skirt are exceedingly well liked and much used. As a rule, tailors use these laps for trimming only, but if pockets are wanted they can be inserted beneath. The deep cuffs suggest the gauntlet idea and are exceedingly smart and harmonize perfectly with the cape, but if a very plain coat be wanted, both the cape and cuffs can be omitted. In this case the sleeves should be underfaced and stitched, trimmed with banding or finished in any way that may suit the especial need. Broadcloth makes an exceedingly handsome coat of this kind and is greatly in vogue. Wool velour will be extensively used. Later velvet will be good for this style. Duvetyne is one of the materials advocated for the Fall, and is perfectly adapted to this model. For the early season velvet trimming will be fashionable. This coat of broadcloth with the collar and cuffs of velvet would be exceedingly handsome. When the Winter arrives, fur bandings will be used.

The medium size requires 6½ yards of material 36, 5 yards 44 or 4⅝ yards 54 inches wide for the longer coat; 4¾ yards 36, 4 yards 34 or 3 yards 54 inches wide for the shorter coat. The pattern No. 9151 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT WE CAN MAKE FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

NO. 9069.—The ruffled frock is as smart for little girls as it is for their elders and this one is quaintly charming. It can be made as it is on the figure or with two of the ruffles omitted, to give a simpler effect. In the large illustration, white taffeta with a rosebud design is worn with a blouse of sheer white organdie. In one of the small views, the over-bodice and the foundation skirt are shown made of silk, while the ruffles and guimpe are of net, and a scarf trimming is arranged over the shoulders. This last is optional. When used, the scarf is passed through big buttonholes worked for the purpose.

For the 12 year size will be needed 1⅜ yards of material 36 inches wide for the foundation skirt, 6 yards 36 inches wide for the ruffles and over-bodice and 1⅛ yards for the guimpe to make as shown on the figure. The pattern No. 9069 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years.

NO. 9059.—Just such a top coat as this is needed at this season, for there will be many motor trips to be taken, and evenings that are cool. The model is most attractive and at the same time simple and childlike. On the figure, one pocket only is used but the pattern includes three. The belt is passed under the box plaits at the back. On the figure, corduroy is shown but there are a great many materials that are used for girls' coats. White serge is pretty, blue serge is practical, and corduroy in many of the newest weaves is attractive. Broadcloth is included in the list of suitable materials. The lining can be adjusted to suit the need of the special fabric. There is a tendency toward using flowered and brocaded effects whenever the material for the coat is plain, such as broadcloth or wool belour, although the plain colored silks and satins are always pretty.

For the 12 year size will be needed, 4 yards of material 36, 3⅜ yards 44 or 2⅝ yards 54 inches wide. The pattern No. 9059 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years.

NO. 9071.—There is no better blouse for the school boy than this. It is perfectly simple, easy to make and comfortable to wear so that it fills all the requirements. It is admirable for everyday wear, for school and play. It suits tennis and the autumn sports and is altogether satisfactory. Here, it is made of striped madras, but boys' shirts are also made of the various tub silks, pongee and from the fabrics that are known as shirting materials and that combine silk and cotton. They are delightful to wear and are a good weight for early Autumn. The blouse can be made plain or with an applied yoke at the back; there is a choice of two collars, the round one joined to the neck or the high turned over collar that is attached by means of buttonholes and studs. The latter is shown on the figure. It is a soft finished collar and at the same time a high collar and the ends are held together by links. The advantage of the soft collar is in the ease with which it can be laundered, and in the fact that it is always possible to make two or more for a single shirt.

For the 14 year size will be needed 3⅝ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern No. 9071 is cut in sizes from 12 to 16 years.

NO. 9062.—This is one of the best overcoats for the small boy. It is loose and ample and can be slipped on and off without trouble, and it gives very smart lines. The belt at the back is smart. The pattern includes a sailor and a round collar with a high neck. On the figure, blue serge is shown with a collar of silk, banded with braid.

For the 6 year size will be needed, 3¼ yards of material 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 36 inches wide for the collar and 4 yards of braid. The pattern No. 9062 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years.

NO. 9064.—Rompers such as these are comfortable for the tiny child. They are so simple that they can be made without difficulty, and the laundering involves very little time or trouble. They are buttoned together at the lower edge and closed at the back. The closing may be extended for the entire length or to the belt only. Here, plaid gingham is trimmed with plain, but rompers of this kind are made from a variety of materials. Some mothers like Habutai silk and crepe de chine for little boys' wear in the afternoon. Rompers are supposed to give the masculine suggestion while at the same time they are babylike. White finished with scalloped edges and with a little cross-stitch design on the front gives a charming effect with slight expenditure of labor.

For the 2 year size will be needed 2 yards of material 27 or 1⅝ yards 36 inches wide with ¾ of a yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

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A man can make a good, long drive, avoid all the hazards, and keep out of the tall grass, and then foozle and fall down at the eighteenth hole. The steady, even strokes that win success in the game of Life call for a well-balanced mind in a well-governed body —and these come from such a food as

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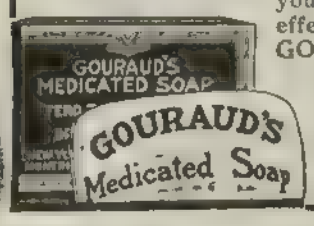

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The Girl Who is Engaged

THE TROUBLES OF THE TROUSSEAU

By ELIZABETH BURTON

WHEN one considers the wedding account as it appears in the papers, it is amusing to note how little space is given the bridegroom, to say nothing of the bridegroom's attire. The bride's white georgette crepe or duchesse satin is dwelt upon with enthusiasm, but not a word is written about the set of the bridegroom's coat nor the soft gray of his gloves. Yet the bridegroom does not object to his obscurity—indeed, his one aim seems to be to avoid notice and to adopt an unostentatious costume. Such an attitude is, no doubt, praiseworthy, for a wedding is so very important to the bride that she is grudged none of the flounces and flowers.

Then, one hears, among the many questions concerning the bride, "Was she pretty?" and "How was she dressed?" War, which has changed so many of our ideas concerning what we need and what we can do without, has not changed the bride's desire to look her best in the eyes of the man to whom she has given her heart—and, incidentally, in the eyes of her observant friends. Next to inquiries concerning the wedding gown and whether the bride wore a tulle veil with Juliet cap or with just the plain wreath of orange blossoms, we are sure to hear, "And what was the going-away gown?"

The matter of "what she wears" and "what she is going to wear" will never lose interest for the world of womankind, however wars may come and go. We may learn something of simplicity, but the wardrobe will always be one of woman's chief concerns. A woman was reproved one day for tying pink ribbons on her baby's white gown.

"The child doesn't really need any pink on that little dress," said the would-be friend in explanatory fashion.

"And God didn't need to put pink tips on the daisy petals," said the undaunted mother, "but I'm very glad that He gave them that touch of colour."

Woman is not ever likely to be restricted in her choice of garment by a sense of what is actually needed. If she were, this old earth would be a much duller planet than it is, in this year of much strife and yet much hopefulness. To the girl who is engaged, as the wedding day approaches, the subject of the trousseau becomes more and more engrossing.

THERE is no English word equivalent to trousseau. We borrow it from the French, the people so long noted for their mastery of the art of the modiste. Every girl wishes to have a pretty and complete trousseau, and yet her trousseau plans may be modified greatly if she take into consideration the income of her future husband and the place of her new residence. The former should be considered carefully before the purchase of the trousseau. If you are to become the bride of a man of modest means, it is very bad taste to have gowns very much more luxurious than any he will be able to purchase in the first married years. That does not mean that the trousseau should be niggardly. On the contrary, the best material possible should be used, but anything beyond the necessities of a matron of moderate means should be avoided.

Much discussion might take place as to the amount of clothing to be provided for the trousseau. One bit of advice may be given to the bride who is going on a quiet honeymoon trip, and that is to avoid being encumbered with too much luggage. A bride-elect was counselled in this fashion the other day by her married sister.

"I should take only a small trunk with me," said the latter. "You and Charlie are going to a small lake resort, where fashionable clothes are not in great demand. These extra trunks and boxes had better be forwarded to your new home. I tell you, there is almost a tragedy in too many trunks."

"Why, you had several," protested Beth, the bride-elect.

"That is why I am warning you. Tom and I went to England on our wedding trip, and I had six trunks. We almost quarrelled over them at Quebec and every day on the ocean voyage I worried over those wretched trunks. Poor Tom was worn out, looking after them in England, and we lost one on the way home. I've always believed that he did it on purpose. I saw then how foolish it was to take so much away with us, and anyway, I had too large a trousseau. It was a great mistake, for several of the gowns were old-fashioned almost before I had worn them, and I gave them away or made them into cushion covers."

"We're poorer now," said Beth. "War taxes and things like that will keep my trousseau where it should be. But I had made up my mind to a comparatively limited trousseau, anyway, for I don't believe in having too much to begin with. It means that some of your clothes become moth-eaten or old-fashioned. Then we are going to a small house, and I don't want to have more than I can conveniently keep in the ordinary closet or wardrobe. I've put a good deal of money into fine shoes and a supply of lingerie, but there are not many gowns."

"You may be sure that Charlie will be glad," said her sister, "for men detest looking after trunks."

"I DON'T know whether he'll thank me or not," laughed Beth. "He will have to buy me frocks before the year is out."

"All the better!" replied her sister. "It almost spoiled Tom for me to have such an extensive trousseau, for he forgot there was such an item of expense as a wife's wardrobe."

"When I was a girl," broke in Aunt Clara, "there was a kind of unwritten rule that a bride should have a trousseau which provided that no new clothes should be bought for six months, at least."

"That seems about right," Beth agreed. "It is a mistake to allow a man to forget all about your hats and shoes. Charlie won't be worried about too many trunks on our honeymoon, but I shall certainly need a new gown before six months are over. What do you think ofthese?" showing three or four inexpensive but dainty one-piece gowns. "These are for morning wear in the house, and I made every one of them myself. I don't believe it is poverty which makes love fly out of the window. I believe it is slovenly dressing in the morning. There's no excuse for it, when you come to consider that a pretty, neat gown costs no more than an ugly, untidy one. These are not fussy, but they're rather pretty, if I do say it myself. And altogether they didn't cost twenty dollars, for, as I say, they are strictly home-made."

"You're a wise girl, Beth," said her sister with a sigh. "There is a great deal in beginning the day with a smile and a fresh gown, but it is sometimes hard to think of the little things which go to make life more interesting."

It is true that in these practical days the bride is learning to avoid buying anything which is so good that she feels obliged to put it away. For the wedding garments, themselves, there is always a demand for the delicate and dainty, and every one sympathizes with the bride who carefully puts away the filmy white gown, the satin slippers and white silk stockings to keep them for many a day, while the veil is one of her most treasured possessions. But it is idle folly for her to have lingerie so precious and perishable that it is too good for daily wear and is, therefore, put away to become yellow and undesirable. The modern maiden should have apparel that can be worn, rather than stored away and only brought out for very special occasions. There is a tendency in modern homes which is affecting what we eat and wear. Just as we have the living room to-day, instead of the drawing-room (the word really means the withdrawing-room), and the guest room rather than the old-time spare bedroom, so we have the afternoon gown and the tailored suit rather than the "best dress." There is very seldom any gown one can point to as "the very best" or as a kind of state garb. Thus the bride of 1916 looks upon every gown in her trousseau (save, perhaps, the wedding robe itself) as one for actual use.

THE bride-elect of whom I have spoken, wise Beth, who was not going to take away many trunks on the honeymoon, had, aside from the four simple morning gowns of her own make, five gowns in her trousseau—the wedding dress, the going-away gown, a pretty "creation" in old rose silk, which could be worn as an up-to-date afternoon gown, a dainty biscuit coloured evening gown of georgette crepe, and a gown of light weight blue cloth, which would make a charming afternoon gown for cool days. There were several pretty

(*Concluded on page 19*)

ROYALTY AT HOME

WHEN QUEEN ELISABETH CALLED ON ME

By MARGARET BELL SAUNDERS

We all remember how shocked we were when the news was published in Canada that Margaret Bell Saunders was wounded in Belgium. Miss Saunders, as a Canadian Guild Nurse, was on duty when hit by a German shell. For some weeks she lay in the hospital in great pain, but always bright and cheerful. Here she recounts the facts of an important little incident that happened to her.—Editor's Note.

A MURMUR went through the corridors and wards of the hospital. Nurses scuttled here and there, giving a pat to a pillow, or straightening a sheet. Pretty little V. A. D.'s stopped a moment before a mirror, pushed back an errant curl, then hurried on. Thermometers remained but a fleeting second to register their duty, and then were thrust back into their cases.

Tibot and Oiseau—so-called because they whistled so well—were hurried back to their wards. They were both able to walk now and had been steeping themselves in sunlight in the window which looks toward the sea. Tibot was the wag of the floor. He wore a large bandage over his head and always wept at dressing time. The wound had affected his brain, and he would talk of strange things at times. Not ravingly, just joyous prattle, a bit unbalanced. He was a great favourite; but he would never go back to his fishing boat, and the wild waves he loved so well.

Probably that was why he always bathed himself in sunlight in the window facing the sea. It brought back a bit of the old life.

Has it ever occurred to any one how very unsimple is the life of a professional nurse? How they surround everything with ceremony! What mountains of complications they make out of a mere molehill of simplicity!

Margaret Bell Saunders; from photo taken just before she left for France.

And the thousand and ten little items of etiquette which must be observed! Dear me, yes! A pleasant-faced night sister comes in to pay you an afternoon visit, very kindly suggests that there may be something she can do for you and when you, to please her, ask for a glass of water, apologises humbly that she is unable to give it to you, because she is off duty!

IF your own night nurse happen to drop in for a few moments, during her afternoon walk purely unprofessional—she is met by black looks and an expression which proclaims more eloquently than kindly, perhaps, "You're off duty, Sister. This is my time on."

It's amusing and perhaps a bit sad. For the motive of the night and day nurses is the same—the ultimate healing of wounds and knitting together of shattered bones, not the small personal jealousies which unfortunately infest a hospital, as children do the parks in Spring.

And so it was. On the day of the excitement, I was full of attentions. Sister Marian hurried in to hand me my looking glass; the tall, good natured Scotch nurse hovered about, tucking in blankets and giving a touch here and there to the room; the head sister straightened my chart; the pretty, fair one shook up my pillows; while the V. A. D. hurriedly thrust a thermometer under my arm.

Fuss reigned supreme. What a relief it would be when everything were over! Every few minutes some one rushed in to give the latest information.

"She's on the floor below," or "I saw her crossing into the ward where the German prisoner is; she always talks to him, and she's brought him books to read."

Presently the cause of all the ceremony was revealed. Presently she came, heralded by the Matron, the Receiving Matron, the Head Surgeon and the Doctor of that floor.

The moment she entered the room all ceremony vanished and simplicity came into its own.

It is such people as queens who are always simple. They can afford to be perfectly natural.

The Queen of the Belgians came up to my bed, took my hand and in laboured English said, "I want to thank you for what you have done and are doing for our children. I know of your work, have known for some time; and I have always intended to come and see you and your depot, but I never have had a moment. However, I hope to be able to come soon."

BELGIUM'S Queen is not brilliant. One could never imagine sensational books being written around her life at court. But one could very easily imagine books being written about her life amongst her people. I fear they would not be popular, however, as they would have to do with kind acts and gracious words—nothing more enthralling than that.

She is very kind and simple; her face is sad now, however, for she is living a divided life. Her own brother is in command of the hostile forces which are nearest in line to the Royal Villa on the sea. But she does not think of him as a brother any more. In happy peace times their summers were spent together, a great part of them at least, in the Bavarian Tyrol. King Albert was there too, all of them forgetting the responsibilities and conventionalities of the superficial life they lived in public.

Those days, of course, are ended. Devoted as Elisabeth, Queen of Pelgium, was to her brother, Louis Guillaume, and the rest of her family, all ties are now broken. For her heart is in Belgium, her interests with Belgium's people, who are now her people, and who love her as a Queen is seldom loved.

One reads many charming bits about the friendliness of royalty and their subjects. Such things always make charming reading and help to bridge the chasm that surrounds those who are set in high places. In meeting them one is surprised to find them simple, quiet and charming, exactly like other well bred persons.

An English major came into our depot one day with a rather interesting tale. He had come across a motor with a flat tire—out in the wild, flat roads of Flanders. The chauffeur was on his knees beside it, and above him stood a woman, small, petite, clothed in a man-tailored blue serge suit and soft white felt hat—a familiar costume in Flanders.

"Are you going toward La Panne?" she said to the major who slowed up.

He was.

"Well, I wonder if you would be good enough to give me a lift? I have guests coming to luncheon and am already late."

He gave her a lift. She sat in the back of his ambulance on a rough board. She was Elisabeth, Queen of the Belgians.

EVERY morning, at nine o'clock, sees her in the Pavilion of the Hospital de L'Ocean at La Panne, which bears her name, dressing wounds of soldiers. There is no ceremony. She is merely a sister, the same as the other sisters, and wearing the same uniform.

Her afternoons are taken up in various ways. There are several schools in the small bit of unoccupied Belgium under her direct control. It is from the Royal bounty that the little dresses arrive periodically in these schools, and a great many extra delicacies.

She has organized sewing classes, where the clothes are made, and is a very active patron of the "Aide Civile Belge," which provides work to the lacemakers who have been rendered workless by the War.

That is how the blue serge suit and soft hat are so well known in Belgium. The

(*Concluded on page 19*)

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WHETHER you want a House Dress for yourself—a School Frock for your daughter—a Blouse or Shirtwaist for your little boy—or Rompers for the baby—"Steelclad" Galatea is the most satisfactory material you can use.

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You need Bandages and Gauze.

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B&B Cotton also comes in a Handy Package. You cut off only what you use. The rest remains untouched.

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B&B Zinc-Oxide Adhesive sticks without wetting. It stays fresh. It sticks to anything dry, and stays stuck. So it has a thousand uses. You can mend anything with it from lawn hose to golf clubs. It clings to metal, rubber, wood, glass or cloth.

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B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators are given twice the usual strength. And safety needs it.

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A WOMAN'S HAND

HOW TO TRAIN FOR THE NURSING PROFESSION

Practical Information Concerning Training Schools, and Suggestions on the Choice of Special Courses

By CLARA CROSS

IN MANY lines of business there are thousands of women working for small salaries, who have no prospect of larger earnings. Undoubtedly many of this class, passing the best years of their life under restricted conditions, could, if they reached out into larger fields with a wider horizon, secure greater remuneration than there is any hope of receiving under present limitations.

Numbers of women are capable of training and of becoming professional nurses, and thousands would begin training tomorrow, if they but knew how to go about it. It is to these young women especially that this is addressed.

The Choice of a Training School

THERE is plenty of opportunity for every one, since every woman of average intelligence, who can read and write, may become a successful nurse. Every large city has fully equipped modern hospitals, prepared to give a three years' course of training to women desirous of becoming professional nurses. In some instances the course is only two years, but in most of the good institutions three years is the accepted rule. But here comes the question: "Which of all these is the one I want?" To secure the highest degree of proficiency, and hence the largest earning capacity, a little thought is necessary. First, find out exactly what branch of the profession you are best suited for. There may be a predilection for midwifery, surgical nursing, contagious diseases, children, or general hospital work.

Each branch has its own special requirements. It is obvious that the woman who undertakes the care of children must know something of them, and of their ways of expressing their feelings and wants. A nurse may be entirely satisfactory for adults, but practically useless in caring for children. Besides tact and plenty of patience, a certain sympathy that children are always quick to notice and appreciate is necessary. Again, it is not always easy to recognize the signs of suffering, or to assign the proper cause; but much may be discovered by careful attention. An infant makes known its wants and gives expression to its feelings of distress chiefly by crying. The cry is often characteristic; and a nurse in charge of small children should, at the very commencement of her work, learn to distinguish between the wail of hunger and the sharp agonizing cry of colic—that frequent disorder of childhood.

THE woman who intends to devote her attention to contagious diseases must be keenly observant, since it is her duty, in private practice, to notice the effects of any remedies prescribed, during the intervals between the doctor's visits. This is especially important where strong medicines or poisonous drugs are being administered. It is often wise to push the action of these to their fullest extent, in order to control the malady. A watchful nurse will be able to tell whether progress is being made, or whether her patient is getting worse, and to recognise some of the more important symptoms which denote the development of complications, and the peculiar effects of some medicines on susceptible patients. In addition to this, she should have some knowledge of human nature and the course of some special diseases.

The nurse who decides to make midwifery her life work must be self-reliant, as she often must act on her own initiative. She must be of a sunny disposition, because it is absolutely necessary for her to gain the confidence of her patient, and to be able to soothe and keep her quiet. She must be prepared to forsake her bed in the middle of the night to attend to her patient. In fact, there is no branch of the profession in which a woman can be so valuable.

Surgical nursing calls for good steady nerve and a large amount of self-confidence. While others are standing round dazed and helpless, the nurse's presence of mind must not desert her. She must know the right thing to do and proceed to carry it out in a cool, collected manner. The duties of a nurse in the operating room are many and varied. She prepares the patient for the operation and must be attentively on the lookout while it is proceeding, ready with anything that may be required by the surgeon. Her work includes the sterilization of the instruments, the preparation of antiseptic solutions, ligatures and dressings, and the responsibility of rendering surgically clean everything in the room that is likely to come in contact with the wound. After the operation she is left in charge of the patient. Then, of course, she receives definite instructions from the surgeon as to the management and diet of each particular case. Good surgical nurses are always in great demand, and command a large salary.

For the woman not especially adapted by nature for any particular branch, or who does not care to specialize, a good general hospital training is the most suitable. There the instruction includes a thorough course of practical work in the various departments, clinics and demonstrations at the bedside, class work, and a regular course of lectures. Should she decide afterward to take up some particular subject to the exclusion of all others, she can enter another hospital, at the expiration of the term, for a six months' post-graduate course.

IT is sometimes wise to consult your doctor; he will be glad to talk it over with you. Then, having decided what branch of the profession you are best fitted for, select a hospital in your city devoted to that kind of work, and address a letter to the Supervisor of Nurses. Don't write a long rambling letter; make it terse and to the point. Simply say that you are desirous of becoming a professional nurse, and would like to be admitted to the training school attached to that particular hospital. In a few days you will receive a printed form of application, which must be filled in and returned as soon as possible. It will read as follows:

Questions to be Answered by the Applicant

Name in full and present address.....
What is your present occupation?.....
What was your age last birthday?.....
Height . . Weight. . . .
Are you a single woman? . . . . .
Are you strong and healthy, and have you always been so? . . . . .
Would you be free for three (some forms read two) full years, if accepted? . . .
Your educational advantages . .
Have you any physical defects?.....
Have you ever been in a hospital training school before; if so, where, when, and for how long? . . . . .
Give names and addresses of two persons who can be referred to. State how long each has known you. If previously employed, one of these should be your last employer.

NOTICE:—These questions must be answered in the applicant's own handwriting, and are to be returned with the required testimonials to the Supervisor of Nurses, ———Hospital.

If you are accepted, you will be notified, and a date will probably be assigned for you to report. You will also receive a list of things which it is necessary that the probationer be supplied with. These will be arranged after the following schedule.

Requisition for Pupil Nurses

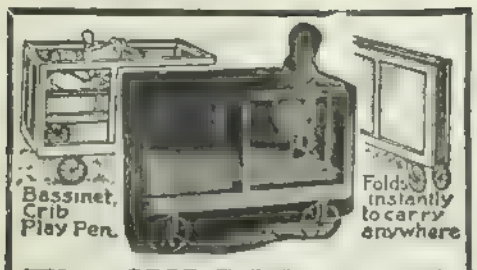
A good supply of underwear.
Comfortable, easy-fitting boots with rubber heels.
6 plain white aprons, with wide bands.
2 plain dresses, (at least) the skirt and waist of the same material.
These should be of cotton, alpaca, or some washing material of light color.
The nurse must never wear rustling dresses nor creaking shoes.
2 laundry bags of ample size.
A watch with second hand.
1 pair of scissors.
The text book of the school, (this is mentioned by name.)
All clothing must be clearly marked with the owner's name in full.

General Information

THE most acceptable age is from 20 to 35.

If approved, the applicant is received into the training school for three months on probation. This is done with the object of giving her a chance to find out if she be fitted for the work. Should she

(*Concluded on page 39*)



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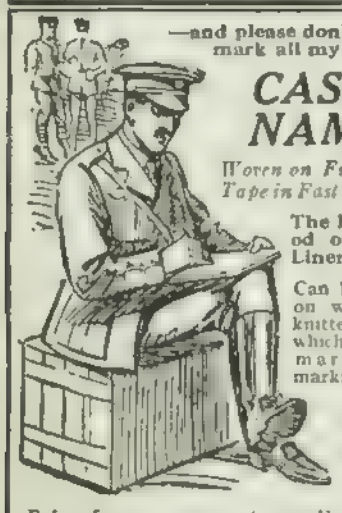

—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

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Can be used also on woollen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.

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Prices for any name not exceeding 22 letters, 24 doz., $4.00; 12 doz., $2.25; 6 doz., $1.[illegible], 3 doz., $1.00. Style sheets can be obtained from

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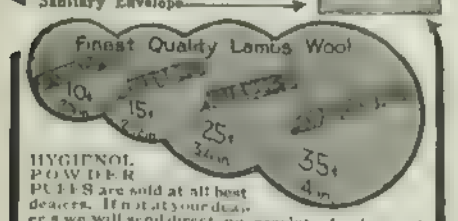

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This guard prevents baby from standing up in his chair, from falling over or from slipping under, and can be adjusted to suit a child of any size.

You can buy this "safety high chair," in any number of different designs. Ask your dealer to show you the high chair with the Unger Guard. If he does not carry it in stock, write us giving his name and address and we will see that your wants are supplied.

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WOODSTOCK ONTARIO

THE TROUBLES OF THE TROUSSEAU

(*Continued from page 16*)

wraps and, of course, a silk sports coat and two charming kimonos. This was a trousseau quite in keeping with the bridegroom-elect's position and salary.

Even the girl whose father can give her a liberal sum for the trousseau should not buy too many gowns in this age of rapidly changing fashions. We may as well admit that "smartness" (though it is not altogether a pleasant word) is a quality very much desired by the bride of to-day. Sometimes she may even make the mistake of sacrificing quality to obtain it, but she is a thing wisely, on the whole, when she sacrifices quantity in order to have the latest style in cut and trimming. One gown, such as the wearer enjoys, in a mode for which we have no adjective but the French word "chic," is better than two which have even a touch of dowdiness. So the bride-elect of this autumn is not likely to make the mistake of having too many gowns, as she dreads unspeakably the word, "old-fashioned."

In this momentous matter of a trousseau the bride-elect should think not only of the income of the man to whom she is to be married, but also of the father whose home she is leaving. There have been many cases of households who were obliged to live very narrowly for a year after a "big wedding," and no bride cares to feel that her pretty things have been bought at too great a sacrifice of others. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," the old speech of Polonius, is well to remember here, for a rich trousseau in a poor house is like an ostentatious funeral—the worst of bad taste. It is natural for the old home to wish to send the bride to the new with every good furnishing in dress and household requisites, but not at a price which will mean a certain bitterness forever after attached to the word "wedding."

Let the wedding and the gowns be as pretty as possible, with no prospect of heavy bills, and the bride will feel that she is setting out for the new home life with happiness behind her, as well as ahead of her.

WHEN QUEEN ELIZABETH CALLED ON ME

(*Continued from page 17*)

Queen is very busy, and actively interested in all these things.

When shells whistle over Poperinghe, the Royal motor may be seen hurrying along through the streets. When bombs fall on Furnes, she may be there. And a very interesting fact is that, on the day the bomb fell which afterward brought me face to face with the little Royal Lady of Belgium, she was passing along the Ypres Road, past the depot where we are engaged in Relief Work. She spoke of it that day in the hospital.

"I just went past your depot a few minutes before," she said. "I saw you standing in the door. I was on my way to Wulveringhen, where the school is. Tell me, do you find the children of Belgium interesting? I like them very much."

Which is very true. I have seen her at a station, at the hour when several hundred children were leaving the shell-riddled parts for France, where they are established in colonies with nuns to teach them, the same as they were taught in normal times, when peace and prosperity hovered about their land. I have seen her stand for hours, amongst these children, each one of whom received a great bar of chocolate from the Royal hand. I have seen her speaking words of cheer when they broke down and wept at the sadness of things, at the thought that their mothers were back there somewhere, behind the line of occupation.

And more than one tiny tot has been taken into her arms and the tears kissed away.

Probably the characteristic which makes for the most real diplomacy is kindness. Certainly it was a realization of the unfairness of things which sent the Royal motor chugging toward the abode of a very well known woman, who has done splendid relief work amongst the civil population. There had been jealousies, rivalries amongst some of the Bourgemasters of the different villages, through whom she had to apply for permission to distribute her gifts. The result was unpleasantness for the benefactress.

The situation was brought to the ears of the Queen. She was tired; she had had a hard day. It was then about five o'clock, the hour for English tea.

Before half-past five, she was sipping tea with the Englishwoman and apologising for the rudeness of her civil servants!

The luncheons at the Royal Villa are most informal. In fact, there are no large luncheon parties, but occasional twos and threes informally invited to lunch "*en famille*," so to speak.

The time is much too serious to beget state formality and entertainment, but not too serious to cause lack of consideration and kind thought; for the next day there arrived at my room a great basket of hothouse fruits from the Royal household.

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¶ This new fashionable and daintily finished corset needs no introduction.

¶ The illustration gives some idea of its singular beauty; entirely different to any other corset made.

¶ SUPER-BONE boning is the best boning ever invented.

Flexible as the body itself.
Unbreakable and Non-Rustable.

Perfect-fitting models for every type of figure

Just try a pair and be convinced

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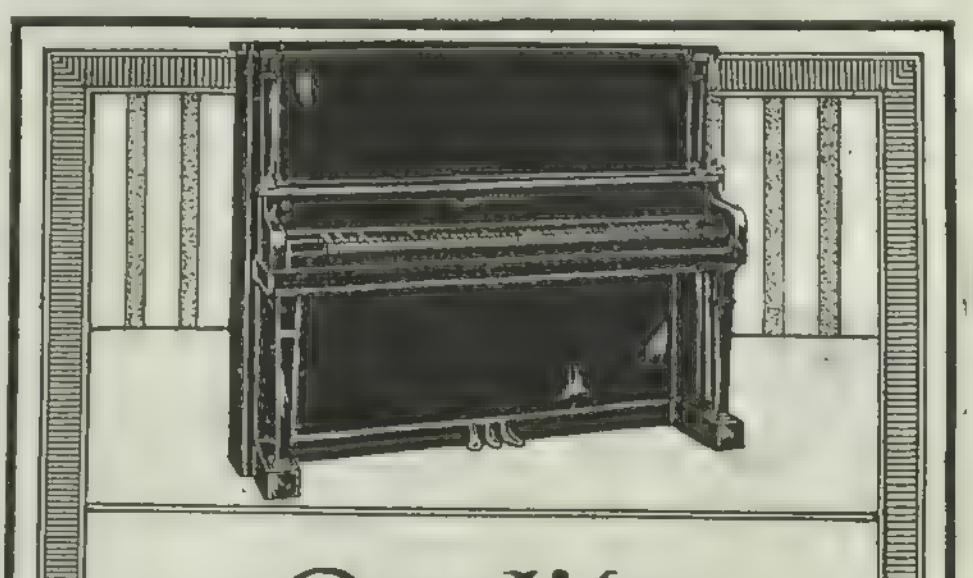

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WHEN purchasing a piano it pays to get the best. Remember you buy but once in a lifetime and the few extra dollars spent now will never be missed while you will get that most important thing—an instrument that will last.

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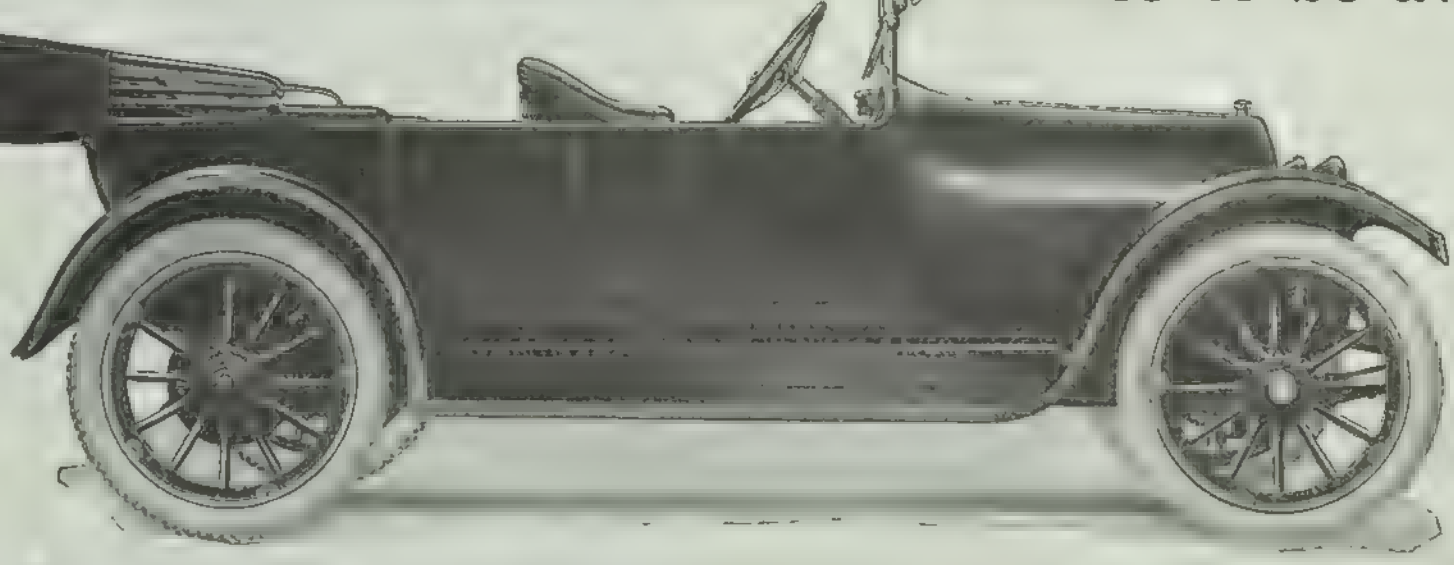
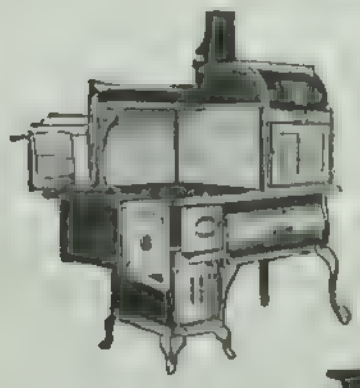
A host of other Grand Prizes to be awarded

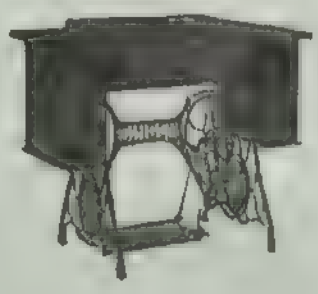


1st Prize. Five Passenger Overland Touring Car.

Completely Equipped Ready for the Road.



3rd Prize. Clare Bros.' "Lighter Day" High Oven Range.



4th Prize. Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine.

9th Prize. High Grade Cabinet Phonograph and Records.

13th Prize. Beautiful Waltham Watch in gold filled case.

14th Prize. Upholstered Arm Rocker.

READ THIS BIG PRIZE LIST

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3. Clare Bros.' High Oven Range.
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7. "Perfection" Oil Range.
8. Oak Cabinet of Wm. A. Rogers' Silverware, (26 Pieces).
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17. 18. 19. 20. Each a Set of Handsome "W.R." Quality Knives and Forks, Made by the Wm. Rogers Co., Limited.
21. Solid Gold, Coral Cameo Brooch.
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24. Gillette Safety Razor in Nickel Case.
25. Ladies' Solid Gold, Twin Pearl Ring.
26. Gentlemen's Solid Gold, Signet Ring.
27. Gentlemen's Thin Model Imported Watch.
28. Ten Vol. Set of Sir Walter Scott's Works.
29. Smokers' Prize—Pair of London made Briar Pipes.
30. Ladies' Silver Mounted Umbrella.
31. Gentlemen's Silver Mounted Umbrella.
32. Ten Vol. Set of Dickens' Works.
33. 34. 35. Each a Handsome Leather Vanity Bag in Latest and Most Fashionable Design.
36. English Folding Walking Cane, (Silver Mounted).
37. Complete Manicure Set, in Case.
38. Seven Vol. Set Thackeray's Works.
39. Parisian Ivory Toilet Set, (3 pieces).
40. Solid Gold, Pearl Tie Pin.
41. High Grade 3 piece Carving Set.
42. Ladies' Solid Nickel Silver Wrist Watch.
43. 44. 45. Gentlemen, a High Grade Seal Grain Leather Letter Case Wallet, stamped with Winner's Name in Gold.
46. 47. 48. 49. Ladies, a Combination Purse in Rich Seal Grain Leather.
50. Ladies' Sterling Silver Watch.

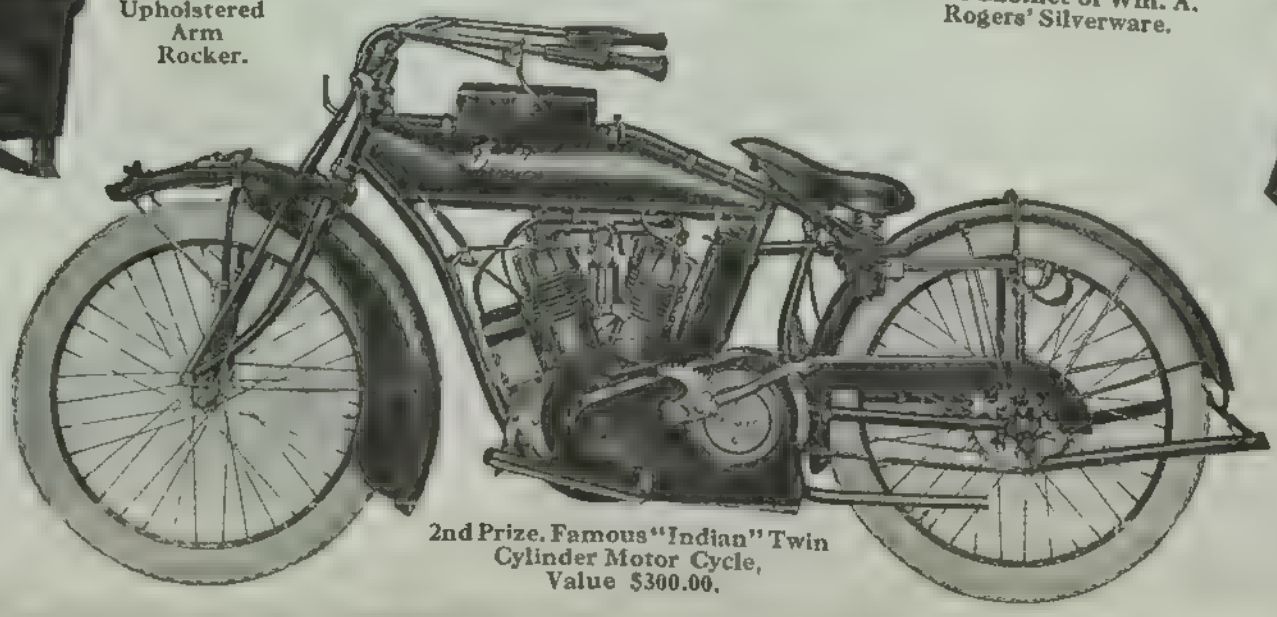
6th Prize. Famous "Hoosier Beauty" roll door Kitchen Cabinet.

5th Prize. High Grade "Cleveland" Bicycle.

7th Prize. "Perfection" Oil Range.

11th Prize. Beautiful Mahogany Dressing Table.

8th Prize. Oak Cabinet of Wm. A. Rogers' Silverware.



2nd Prize. Famous "Indian" Twin Cylinder Motor Cycle, Value $300.00.

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What groceries did Brown advertise?

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town, because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store.

Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels and bins, containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (cur-ants). Then he looked into box No. 4 and drew the picture bearing that number as a label for tomatoes (Tom eight O's). With these two names given to start you right, can you find what the other twelve represent?

Magnificent Five Passenger Overland Touring Car, First Prize
A Host of other Grand Prizes will also be Awarded

(Read the Big List on Page 20)

Pointers that will Help You Win

If you are clever at puzzles, you may solve some of the pictures very quickly, but Mr. Brown and his artist had their heads together for a good while, so if you want to succeed, you had best put on your thinking cap. A good plan is to write down on a sheet of paper all the articles or things usually found in a grocery store, and then see if any of the pictures will fit the names you have written. All the names represent articles in everyday use, and that are to be found in any grocery store. No trade mark names or special manufacturers' names are used.

200 Points Wins First Prize

The magnificent and valuable prizes in the contest will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry. The answer gaining 200 points will win first prize. The points will be given as follows: 10 for the correct reply to each of the 12 pictures left to guess (120 points altogether), 20 for the general neatness and appearance of your entry, 10 points for handwriting, and when you qualify 50 points additional will be added. Be neat and careful, comply with the rules and conditions of the contest, and you are sure of a valuable prize.

You Want to make Money!

The great object of this Contest is to prove to you that you can easily make all you require.

This great event is frankly intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, and to demonstrate in a tangible way the great opportunity for making money that this leading, national periodical has opened up for thousands of Canadians. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, with its circulation of more than 130,000, is by far the most popular magazine with Canadian homes from coast to coast. No other magazine in the history of Canada has ever had this vast number of friends and readers. But that does not satisfy us. "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in EVERYWOMAN'S HOME" is the motto constantly before us. We want to keep in touch with old subscribers as well as to introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD into the homes that do not take it now, but will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine that is published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. Every home that once becomes acquainted with EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will want it every month.

When you enter this contest, you can help us keep EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD prominently before the people in your neighbourhood. You do not have to be a subscriber, nor will you be asked to take the magazine or to spend a single penny of your money in order to compete and win the Touring Car or a Big Prize. On the contrary, we shall pay you handsomely for the small service you are asked to render.

Here is the Plan

When your entry is received, we shall promptly write and tell you how many points it has gained toward the prizes, and at the same time we shall send you, FREE, a sample copy of the latest issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—Canada's Greatest Home Magazine. Then, when you know the number of points you have gained and desire your entry to stand for the awarding of the prizes, we shall ask you to qualify it by rendering the small service of introducing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD into just five homes in your neighbourhood who will want to have Canada's Greatest Home Magazine every month. At your request, we shall gladly send you extra sample copies of the latest issue to leave with each of your friends. For this service EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will promptly pay you in cash or guarantee, and send you at once a valuable prize entirely in addition to any prize you may be awarded in the contest. You will be more than delighted with this guaranteed reward for your services, because it is intended to demonstrate to you how great are the rewards and earnings to be gained by representing our famous National Magazine in your spare time. No other conditions of any kind nor any expense whatsoever is attached to this contest.

Send Your Entry to-day according to these Rules

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the pictures must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn, nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives or friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. In the event of different members of a family competing, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 200 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be awarded for each correct answer as well as for neatness, handwriting, the general appearance of the entry, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the judging will commence and the awards be made.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send you, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Include two 2c. stamps to partly cover postage on your sample copy, illustrated prize list, etc.

Address your reply to-day to the Contest Editor, Everywoman's World

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This new coal range can also be used to burn wood without the need of extra parts. It has six pot-holes, *two of which are enclosed* to prevent odors from escaping and floating about the house. The warming closet (just above the oven) is directly heated by the fire. *Around the cooking top are panels of pure white enamel.* The large storage below the oven is for pots and pans.

See the Lighter Day at your dealers or write for book of photos.

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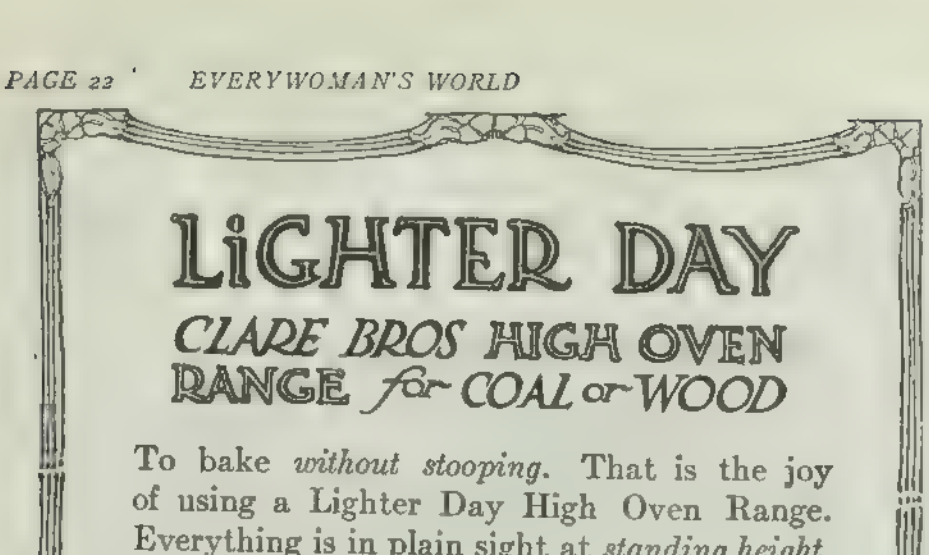

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LAUGH TIME TALES

Funny Things that Happen People

AND NEVER WILL

Farmer Black stuck to old-fashioned ways, but Farmer Green, a neighbour, so far departed from the old order of things as to buy a motor car. One day he was proudly showing it to some friends, when Black came along.

"Um," said Black, as he looked at the handsome car, "what's that thing there on the side?"

"That's a spare rim and a tire," answered the proud Green. "We always carry an extra one in case one of the wheels goes wrong."

"Jes' as I allers said," was the disdainful response of Black. "I've druv hosses for nigh on fifty years, and I never had to carry a spare leg for one o' them yet."

***

THE LANDLORD BOUGHT A PUP

One day a dog and his master, who was a ventriloquist, arrived at a country inn, the latter having only a quarter in his pocket. He went in and sat down at a table, and prepared to order a meal.

"Well, what will you have?" asked the landlord.

The ventriloquist gave his order, and then turning to the dog, he asked: "What will you have?"

"I'll take a ham sandwich," was the dog's immediate reply.

The inkeeper was astonished.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said a ham sandwich," the dog seemed to say.

The inkeeper was so impressed by the talking dog that he offered a good sum for it. This was declined, the owner holding out for a still bigger price, which the landlord eventually paid.

As the ventriloquist was leaving the place the dog turned to him and apparently said: "You wretch, to sell me for fifty dollars. I will never speak another word."

And he never did.

***

OF COURSE IT DOES

"Papa, what do you call a man who drives a motor-car?"

"It depends upon how near he comes to hitting me."

***

A LITTLE SMALLER

"What size collar does your husband wear, madam?"

"Dear me, I've forgotten! But I know it's larger than Fido's."

***

PRAYERS ARE BETTER

The bedtime hour was at hand, but after the usual preparations for the night Violet hesitated over her prayers. After a moment's silence she said:

"Mummy dear, are our prayers answered?"

"Why, yes, dear!" replied mamma. "But what a question, dear!"

"I asked because, if they are, why do you smack me? Why don't you pray for me to be a good girl? It would be much nicer."

***

CORRECTLY REPORTED

The editor of the local weekly was in a towering rage.

"Send Mr. Scribbler to me immediately," he yelled to the office boy.

Mr. Scribbler entered the august presence serenely conscious that he was innocent of any crime either editorial or literary.

"See here," said the editor, "you're the idiot who reported that recruiting ball, aren't you? Well, read he pointedly to the printed page, just look what you've written: 'Among the prettiest girls was Colonel Oldnut.' He's a man, isn't he, you fathead?"

"He may be," replied Mr. Scribbler, quietly, "but that's where he was."

***

LIKELY CORRECT

The angry citizen puffed into the office of the city editor.

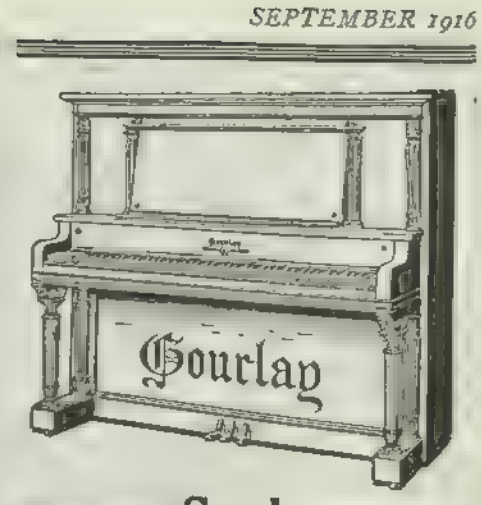
"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of Public Improvements."

THE JULY COVER

The winning title for the July Cover is "AS HE REMEMBERS HER." The sender, Mrs. Merton Vansickle, 32 Murray Street, Brantford, Ontario, has received a cheque for $5.00.



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FARMERS' WIVES OUT OF BONDAGE

(Continued from page 12)

parched skies where a brassy sun rolled across a glaring, pitiless heaven—and pray for rain. Saskatchewan and Alberta had not been settled enough to break up the land and insure a lure for the moisture. Hot winds tore up from the south and west over those dried, baked-potato-brown prairies, gathering heat and momentum as they came, and blew for days—hot winds that parched as though they had come from a furnace oven. I've seen it curl the corn-leaves in three days—literally cook them on the stalk.

WITH the breaking of the sod, the establishment of homes, and the planting of the trees, the semi-arid regions of Alberta had to move farther back. But rain was our hope then. How we longed for it! Rain to fill the creeks on which we depended for water for our stock—rain to fill the barrels at the corners of the house so we could have soft water for washing—rain to save the crops when those dreaded hot winds blew up. Nobody but the prairie farmer knows that terror—that fierce suspense and yearning for rain.

Even now, after all these prosperous years, when the loss of an occasional crop is more than made up, and we have no money anxieties—even now, sometimes when I waken in the night and hear the first patter of raindrops on the roof, I unconsciously send up a prayer of thanksgiving and cry, "Thank God! it's raining."

We knew what it meant to us, that soft, healing touch of the rain, like a flood of soothing tears after a long, deep grief. The rain whose coming would rouse the dry, parched, cracked, starving earth to placid fecundity once more; that could turn brown, dead grass soft and green again—what a blessing it was! We would rouse in the hot nights when we heard those first pattering drops on the roof and make a quick sortie into the night to bring in the coops of young chickens to the dry safety of the kitchen. The rains were like the droughts, intense and concentrated. The wind roared, thunder boomed about our heads, and the lightning fizzed and crackled ominously.

"Going to be a regular gully-washer," we'd say to one another, and go to sleep again, resting in a pleasant sense of calm security—all our worries and anxieties washed away by the rain. For, somehow, the rain generally did come—just in time. Nearly always in time. Sometimes it didn't. Just often enough to make the fear that it wouldn't, mark in a few lines and wrinkles that no amount of massage nor cold cream can rub out. We don't worry so much about the weather now that we have rotation of crops and automobiles, and suffrage surely coming.

WE did not call our clothes "gowns" in the old days, nor yet dream of having them made in Calgary. We swap names of fashionable modistes now, as we used to swap recipes and names of possible girls you could get to come and help out in the old days. We wore capes for years after they had gone out everywhere else and were only carried by the mail order houses frankly for the "farm trade." We thought we were in the height of style if we could afford a little fur around the neck, and a strip of beading down the front.

We used to drive in to town on Saturday afternoon and climb down from the high seat of the lumber-wagon and carry in the baskets of eggs and butter while Pa tied the horses. Our children called us "Pa" and "Ma," and the extra progressive young mothers taught the babies to say "Mamma" and "Papa." Nowadays our daughters have passed on another notch, and their children call their parents "Daddy" and "Mother." But in those lumber-wagon days we were still "Pa" and "Ma," and we got up at five o'clock and tore around like mad all morning to get the baking done and the floors scrubbed and the children ready against the only recreation we had, the trip to town once a week. We did our simple trading early, and then stood round and eyed the clothes of the town women. We looked on good clothes worn every day as sacred to the town woman alone. It never occurred to us that we could combine prettiness with utility in our working clothes.

We bought only the things we felt our husbands would permit, from the butter'n'-egg money, and went home dejectedly to a supper of fried pork and potatoes and coffee. We had to save the cream to make butter to sell, and the eggs were sacred to the grocery bill. Any farmer's wife who could not keep up the table and buy the clothes for the family with the butter and eggs was considered shiftless. We never dreamed of indulging in canned fruit or vegetables. Many a summer, farmers with acres of ground ate fewer vegetables and fresh eggs than the man in town who had his own little garden patch and hen-house at the back of the lot.

Farmers look upon gardening as a trifling job only worth a woman's while. They may put in a few radishes and

(Continued on page 25)

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THE GOOD MOTHER

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

INFANTILE Paralysis is becoming more common and widely spread. During 1880-1884, there were two outbreaks of about eleven cases each—a total of 23 cases. During 1905-1909 there were twenty-five outbreaks of about 322 cases each, with a total of 8,054 cases; of these, 5,514 cases, or about five-sevenths, were in the United States.

A peculiarity of this disease is that it appears to prefer rural districts, out-of-the-way places "far from the madding crowd," and that it will develop in homes where there has been no apparent chance for the infection to have been carried, no one having visited the house for weeks, and none of its inmates having been to the village, nor even to a neighbour's for an equally long period; yet the disease appeared. In the cities, it does not especially strike the crowded parts. This preference has been proved by carefully collected figures and records. Certainly, the rate in cities is high but, taking the cases in proportion to the population, the rural districts suffer much more heavily.

It is primarily a children's disease, although adults are not immune. By far the greatest number of deaths is among children between one and five years of age; and it is another baffling habit of this dread disease that it is no respecter of station—the child in the palace is attacked as readily as the child in the slums.

The medical profession proves its greatness by frankly admitting that but little is yet known, definitely and positively, about this form of disease. It may be said that, previous to 1881, nothing was known of it; since then repeated outbreaks have afforded material and scope for study and research work. That this form of paralysis (known to the medical profession as Acute Anterior Poliomyelitis) must presently fall before the advance of science is a foregone conclusion. But in the meantime it must be fought with all the knowledge and skill which we now possess. It is inevitable that authorities should differ somewhat, since we lack sure and certain fundamental facts and knowledge; but in the main, all are sufficiently agreed on those points which mothers should know in order to safeguard their own children.

Mother Love

Symptoms

THERE are a number of varieties of Infantile Paralysis, any one of which may occur in combination with one or another type, and may be exaggerated or modified by the child's predisposition to this or that disease. The greatest danger is from abortive and atypical cases; that is to say, from cases when the symptoms are so varied as not to be recognized, and hence no precautions are taken to prevent the infection being communicated.

The most common symptoms are fever, headache, irritability, vomiting, pain and tenderness—severe or slight—in arms, legs, trunk, spine and neck; frequently rigidity of neck and spine. These are followed in from 12 hours to 3 or 4 days by paralysis and by atrophy of the muscles. This is usually in one or both legs, but may occur in any part of the body and in almost every conceivable combination.

These symptoms are not uncommon, indeed, the beginning of Infantile Paralysis is not unlike that of many ear or throat troubles, and in this lies one of the dangers. If it is not recognized quickly enough to isolate the child and avoid the infection spreading. For this reason, all cases of even slight illnesses in young children should be carefully handled and isolated until their real nature is known. What appears to be a common cold, an ordinary case of grippe may be but a common cold or an ordinary attack of grippe, or it may be Infantile Paralysis which never develops past this stage; but it may be Infantile Paralysis, which will develop into paralysis and atrophy of the muscles which may last for months, for years, or end in death. Herein lies the danger, and too much care cannot be taken in isolating all cases of common colds and grippe.

Common colds and grippe have long been treated as neither infectious nor dangerous. They have been considered as not "catching" and merely as inconvenient, but nothing serious. Right now is the time to learn better and to act accordingly. Common colds and grippe are both dangerous and catching, and every care should be taken to prevent the spread of these unconsidered illnesses. What looks like a common cold or grippe may be infantile paralysis in its first stages. True, many cases never develop beyond this first stage, but those that do end either in paralysis or death. That is worth considering.

How It Spreads

THE virus or infection of Infantile Paralysis is present in the saliva, in the discharges from the nose, and in some cases in the discharges from the bowels. Care should, therefore, be taken that all these discharges are handled and destroyed in such a way that no one is in danger of infection. Rags or paper should receive the mouth and nose discharges and then be promptly burned—neither washed nor used a second time. The bowel discharges should—in country places—be buried.

It is undoubtedly true that many persons are brought into contact with Infantile Paralysis and never contract it. These persons are immune, probably because they have had a slight attack at some time. *But the fact that they do not take it themselves does not prevent them from carrying it to some one else.* The infection may pass from the sick child to another child, to an adult, to another and yet another, and not develop until it comes to a child—and less frequently to an adult—who is susceptible to it. *That child may be rendered a paralytic for life or may die.* As a rule one attack, though it may be slight, renders the patient immune for life.

While it has never been proven beyond doubt that insects, flies and animals carry and communicate this disease, it is very probable that they do. Only by this agency can its presence be explained in many an isolated, out-of-the-way home; and, since it is better to be on the safe side, keep the children away from insects, and turn the family cat and dog out-of-doors.

Animals as Carriers

THE family cat has much to answer for already, and this is but one more sin to be laid at her door. She is the rat catcher—that is her business—and rats are well known as carriers of disease. But Pussy is praised and petted every time she kills a rat,—and sometimes eats it—praised and petted and fondled by the children, though she is simply swarming with germs and loaded up with infection. The family cat can't be kept clean; she has a predilection for nosing around dirt and filth; the germs and insects have an equally fond predilection for her thick fur. After nosing around all manner of dirt, she sits down, curls her tail round her toes and looks virtuous—positively, sickeningly virtuous! And the baby pets and fondles and *kisses* this fount of iniquity! A cat hates water! Did you ever think what *that* means? Simply that she hates cleanliness. She washes her dirty fur most industriously, and then licks her dirty tongue on the baby's hands! She has just nosed around a rat hole; would you like to eat a piece of bread that you had rubbed over a rat hole? Try to keep the cat clean for a few days, and

(*Concluded on next page*)

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The same is true, though in a lesser degree, of dogs. But try to keep the dog clean and note how well you succeed! It is strange how habit blinds our eyes to danger, and how loath we are to recognize and admit it even when it is pointed out.

Treatment and Care

THE precautions in Infantile Paralysis are much the same as in other communicable diseases. The patient should be placed in a clean, bare room, well screened to keep out flies and insects. No visitors should be allowed into the room, and but one member of the family should enter it. All discharges from mouth, nose, kidneys and bowels should be disinfected and burned or buried. Cups, spoons, and other vessels must be sterilized, and all remnants of food should be burned. Towels, bed linen, etc., should be dipped into a disinfecting solution and then boiled. The nurse must not mingle with the family, and when she can do so, she must change all her clothes, bathe, and wash her hair. The room should be well aired, the floor and mouldings wiped with a damp cloth—no dry sweeping, as dust is particularly dangerous.

Prevention

KEEP the children clean, cool, and away from insects and animals. Keep the mouth and nose clean—remember that the virus enters through the mouth and nose. A 1 per cent. solution of hydrogen peroxide is good to use in irrigating the throat. See that all food is clean, and keep away from public drinking cups. Keep the teeth clean. Keep the children off the streets, away from picnics and all crowded places. Clean up all dirty yards, lanes and streets. Make war on flies and all other insects. Keep the dog out-of-doors and put the cat out. Clean up and burn all dust in the house. If an outbreak occur in your neighbourhood, keep the children away from school, find out if your little girl ever chews the gum that some other little girl has just taken out of her mouth. Don't be shocked—it's often done. Make the children stop putting pencils, paper, silver or copper money, pen handles or any other thing into their mouths. Stop all kissing on the mouth; and then, having done your best—don't worry.

FARMERS' WIVES OUT OF BONDAGE

(*Continued from page 23*)

onions in the spring, and let it go at that. But the fever to dig in the dirt that attacks a town man every March and leads to his garden in the back yard is spent by the farmer trying to get his whole living out of his wheat or cornfields. He has no time or inclination for gardening. It took constant urging to get the men to plow up the garden in the spring. If I could get one of the men to work an hour or two in the garden on a spare day, or asked him to pull weeds when it was too wet to plow, he invariably pulled up the onions and left the triumphant weeds in sturdy rows. If he left the onions alone, he hoed up the young tomato plants, under the impression that they were a new and vicious enemy.

We had no papers, no magazines, no recreations of any sort. We were hung, as it were, between the jolly times of the days before us at quiltings and spelling matches, and the modern fun of our tennis-playing young people. We were at the tail end of one generation and at the formation of another, and smothered between the two.

THERE were hundreds of farmers who lived like this. They knew of nothing better for themselves. They farmed as their fathers had farmed, and because they thought they hadn't sense enough to do any other way. They spoke reverently of boys who had gone to school and left the farm for city occupations; and they could not understand why, when times began to pick up, the city capitalist saw in farm purchases and farm lands the very best possible use for his money. They were living in the valley of Immense Possibilities—and they did not know it.

They had a theory that any man could farm naturally just as any woman was supposed to be a cook and seamstress because she was a female of the species. They laughed a lot at "book farmers," and cast rude and heavy wit at "city dudes." The women all looked alike after a few years of marriage. You saw them in the country stores on Saturday afternoons, with their cheap skirts wrinkled and shrunken, their anxious faces seamed and wrinkled like an English walnut. They waited about in crushed groups for the signal from their menfolk to go home. Every few moments, as the afternoon grew late, a man would thrust his head in at the door, and his property would disintegrate herself from her group and gather her children and her bundles and start for home.

(*Concluded in the October number*)

A New Route Through the Land of Re-creation

WITH the inauguration of the new service between Quebec and Winnipeg by the Canadian Government Railways, the distance between those two cities can be covered in approximately 48 hours.

The new territory covered by this railway is justly famous for two things—it is the lake country of the world, and it has the largest standing forests on the face of the globe. This route brings you into intimate touch with the wild forest life beloved by sportsmen—you get a glimpse of the primitive Indian in his virgin forest—you find unlimited game, and fish enough to satisfy even the "compleat angler." Truly an ideal region for a summer vacation.

Passing through Northern Quebec, this route takes you through the Clay Belt of Northern Ontario—the districts of Temiskaming, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Kenora. Cochrane is one of the chief divisional points on the Transcontinental and this line has made Lake Nipigon (widely known for its fishing and scenic beauty,) and the Nipigon Reserve, a country famous for moose, easy of access. From Graham a branch line connects Fort William with the main line. Between Graham and Winnipeg is Nibigami—the country of lakes. Here the scenery is superb. Numerous views of Canyon Lake stretch for miles in seemingly endless panoramas of varied beauty.

At Minaki, in the heart of this lovely country, is Minaki Inn, a new summer hotel with accommodation for 350 guests, situated in a natural park of 14 acres.

Arrangements are made for hunting parties at all points along the route, and there is fine accommodation for sportsmen.

Plan to see this land of re-creation, with its mighty rivers, beautiful lakes and virgin forests.

For correct information write for 1916 publications—"Notes-by-the-Way" (Lines Montreal and East,) "Notes-by-the-Way" (Lines Quebec and West,) "Out-of-Door" (Quebec and the Maritime Provinces,) "Abegweit" (Prince Edward Island,) "Bras d'Or Lake," "La Baie de Chaleur,"—and complete time-table of operated lines to

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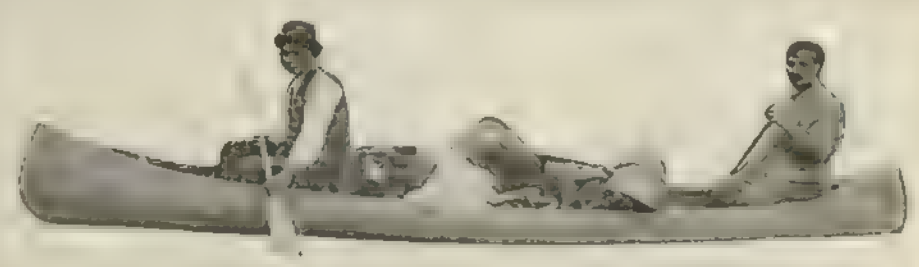

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Your dealer is authorized to give you, FREE, a fine, large 25c. L-V Dust Cloth made of our famous new fabric "Crepette" next Friday. This remarkable Dust Cloth, which sells for 25c. on all days but Fridays, will be GIVEN to you if you will fill out the coupon below, present it to your dealer on *Friday* and buy, at the same time, a 50c. bottle of

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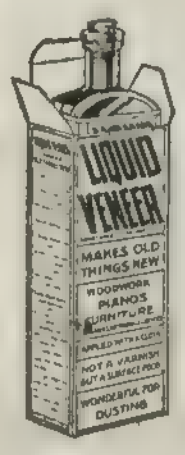

You can make no better investment than to accept this liberal offer. Any reliable grocer, drug, hardware, paint, or furniture dealer will redeem the coupon. Don't put off this opportunity, —cut out the coupon now and take it to your dealer next Friday (or any Friday).

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BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

FW-12

Judging By Measure

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF YOUR BOY?

(*Continued from page 11*)

incapable of any real effort, except for short periods. Much confinement and study during these years of rapid growth lay a certain and sure foundation for years of misery from chronic digestive troubles.

The boy must have plenty of sleep, since sleep helps to make good the balance between the activity of the muscular and nervous systems, and the vital organs.

Usually the boy is supposed to be able to eat anything, and the only thought the distracted mother gives to his food is to see that there is plenty of it. This is wrong. Remember that his body is short, that his digestive organs are small and have but little space in which to carry on their work, and that he needs a good supply of nourishment to keep up the strength of those rapidly growing limbs. His food should be plain, but easily digested, and he should not be allowed to hurry over his meals. To this end conversation at the table should be bright and pleasant. All fault finding, scolding and irritating subjects should be banished. This is not the time to "tell Father" all the troubles and disagreeable things that have happened all day. Nothing aids digestion like bright conversation and a laugh; and nothing retards it so much as nagging and fault finding.

Certainly, Johnnie's table manners must be corrected, but do it at some other time, not when he needs all the peace and sunshine possible to convert his food into good, nourishing, muscle building blood. For this same purpose he should rest after each meal—as should every one—in order that the blood and nervous energies may be free to aid the digestive organs, and not be drawn away either to the brain or the ever growing limbs.

Vocations for Long Limbs

GENERALLY speaking, all boys tend to the long limbed type during adolescence, some more markedly than others.

In many the stretch of the arms remains throughout life considerably greater than the height, and that which is true of the long limbed boy is also true of the long limbed man.

This type of man cannot stand sedentary work, whether keeping books, operating a machine or any other confining occupation which restricts the activity of the muscles, or requires long hours of continuous effort.

Steady, close application will undermine his constitution just as surely as the heat of the Sahara will kill an Esquimaux. He must, if he value his life, find work that will allow him plenty of variety, unrestricted physical movement and opportunity for physical relaxation.

Those long limbs have their advantage. They enable the boxer to reach his opponent while keeping out of danger himself. The boxer works very hard, but only for short intervals, with rests between; and this is a good type of the work suited to the man with long limbs and short body. He is incapable of a steady grind, of long uninterrupted application, of sustained mental effort.

Usually with this type of man we find large hands and feet, and the remarkable thing about large hands is their dexterity, and the wonderful fineness and delicacy of touch of the fingers. Physiologists claim that in experimenting electrically they have found that the part of the brain which exercises a certain control over the extensor muscles of the legs is usually large in the long limbed type, and that it is related to the mental qualities that give ambition, independence, and love of authority and power. But, as we have seen, this man cannot satisfy his love of power through his skill in handling money or through close application to detail. He hasn't the necessary mechanism within himself and must call in outside help. Thus we find him, when his intelligence is of high order, devoting himself to the originating of ideas and schemes in business, or to invention in mechanics. He may become a surveyor—civil, electrical or mechanical, according to his taste and opportunities. With less education, he may be a lumberman, farmer, mason, carpenter, mechanic. If he be forced into a sedentary occupation, he is either a drudge or a frank failure; but the majority of men so placed find their way, as surely as water finds its own level, to some work that has to do with tools or machinery, and that gives plenty of physical activity and freedom.

Long Limbs in the Army

BEFORE the War, Dr. Sigaud, of Lyons, France, interested Major Thooris, and through him the French army authorities, in the significance of physical proportions as an indication of adaptability for different branches of the army.

Major Thooris found the type with the long body suited for cavalry, but a poor infantry man on account of his bodily weight, short limbs, and sloping shoulders ill-suited to carrying a pack. The long limbed type, with the relatively small body, he considers the highest form of physical development—a very natural conclusion in selecting men for physical work. He calls this type "the thoroughbreds" and declares that "the pure muscular type is nature's finest product, and possesses by instinct what others can only learn by long practice and even then cannot attain to the same amount of efficiency." He also remarks that "hard muscular work is necessary for the long limbed type, and that when such a man suffers from mental depression, a five mile walk will effect a cure."

Dr. Montessori, whose achievements in the education of children in Rome have attracted favourable comment throughout the English speaking world, discusses this subject from the view point of the educationist. "Such a man feels," she says, "without analysing it, that the abdominal organs are incapable of assimilating sufficient nutriment, and that his lungs are unable to take in the needed supply of oxygen, thus rendering his breathing laborious. His small heart is inadequate for the task of circulating blood through the whole body, and the nervous system is in a constant state of excitement. Tall and thin, with pallid, hollow cheeks and narrow chest, he suffers from lack of appetite and melancholia; nervous, incapable of steady work and prone to dream over empty visions."

Both of these views are extreme, and both fail to consider that each man is part of a system which requires and needs the best work of each in order to presevre a balance and complete a harmonious whole; and the best work of each is that which he can do best. It is a waste of good material to place a man at a job for which he is not fitted—a waste to the family, to the community, to the country, and to the man himself.

This, then, is the fundamental principle which you must apply in selecting an occupation for your boy or girl. Explain this principle to your children; get them interested in measuring themselves and their friends; tell them why they must measure both height and stretch, and patiently answer questions until they understand. Show them why those who are broader than they are tall, that is, those whose stretch is greater than their height, will be the best ball players, farmers, mechanics, carpenters, engineers, lumbermen, masons, and will excel in all outdoor occupations; and that those who are taller than they are broad will be the bankers, writers, financiers, clerks, money makers, and all those things which require close attention to detail, protracted application and prolonged mental effort.

THIS one suggestion, this one thought seedlet, given to your children now and checked up by themselves in measuring each other, will start their thoughts in the right direction and save them and you from making a wrong choice of vocation, and thus avoid a mistake that may cost many years of misery and wasted effort. A man should be happy in his work; and how can a book-keeper keep his mind on dull columns of figures if his thoughts are puzzling over some bit of machinery, or his fingers itching to handle a brace and bit, and his body aching for the activity and exercise denied him?

1. Boy's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.
4. Height (without shoes).
5. Measure from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.
7. Colour of hair, send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does his skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is his general health good?
15. Has he good teeth?
16. Does he have headaches?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?

(*Concluded on page 28*)

Quality

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees have been dependable for more than fifty Years

Try SEAL BRAND

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 170

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dusts, cleans and polishes at the one operation. Furniture must be clean to be beautiful. O Cedar removes all dirt and scum making the wood like new—and then it puts on a hard, dry, lasting lustre

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Dear Sir,

Enclosed please find photo of my little girl, aged eight months. She has been fed on Virol from being four weeks old. This speaks volumes for the qualities of Virol, considering she has travelled round the country with us from being three weeks old, and has never ailed a thing. She is in perfect health and has cut six teeth. I am never tired of recommending Virol to my fellow artistes.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. TOM MCKAY.

VIROL

Virolised milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere. 4 oz. tins 40c., 8 oz. 70c., 16 oz. $1.10, or a little higher west of Port Arthur.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL LIMITED 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

who send free on request a valuable booklet "BABIES, Their Health and Happiness" which every young mother should have.

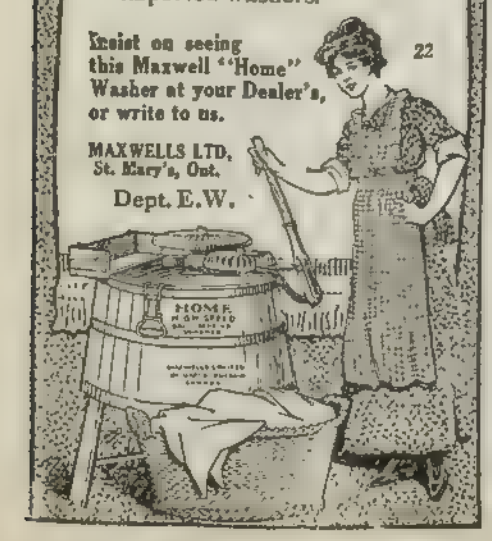
Maxwell HOME WASHER

—A high speed ball bearing washer with automatically cut gears, that makes it noiseless and easy running. Enclosed gears make it safe in operation.

The construction of the dasher makes this type the best for the thorough washing of everything.

It can be operated by hand power or water motor.

It is made in Canada of best quality cypress, and is superior in design, construction and finish to any imported washers.



Insist on seeing this Maxwell "Home" Washer at your Dealer's, or write to us.

MAXWELLS LTD, St. Mary's, Ont.

Dept. E.W. 22

A GOOD STORY

HOW I WOULD RUN THE HOME IF I WERE A WOMAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

sharp but fails to cut up the lawn, confining itself to the grass; outdoor living room for lawn or garden use; old-fashioned fireplace and hearth in new dress; bird houses and bird baths; hand fire extinguishers to quench a blaze quickly and decisively; hammerless safety revolver for protection against intruders; complete sectional furniture, made in a factory to your order, and shipped ready to frame; complete sectional houses, built and bought in a similar way, at prices from $300 to $10,000.

This article must be incomplete; space forbids proper mention of interior decoration; furnishings and equipment; music, books and pictures; games, tool-kit, emergency chest, landscape gardening; flower and vegetable culture; care of birds and other household pets; consideration of personal factors in housing and developing each member of the family. But these things may be learned through books, magazines, mail courses and special institutions.

An Important Question

"HOW can a dreary, skimpy and faulty house, built in the last generation, be transformed into a model home—comfortable, hygienic and artistic?" We affirm, as always: *Anything can be done that should be done.* At least two thirds of the suggestions offered here may be *adapted* to any home, anywhere, by means of sufficient thought, work, ingenuity and persistence. Whoever can remodel his mind can remodel his home. The mind problem is the real one. Cases are on record where an old, ramshackle farmhouse in the last stages of decrepitude, was rebuilt, refurnished, made wholesome, attractive and profitable at slight comparative cost.

Furthermore, it does not matter now where you live—whether in city, town or country—as you can order anything by mail, from the name-plate on your door to the house itself. Indeed, the best home is neither a country home nor a city home—it is a country home in the city or a city home in the country. The city home has conveniences, refinements, and improvements that the country home needs; the country home has health, quiet and freedom that the city home needs; wherever you live, put them together and enjoy the advantages of both.

Now for Keeping the Home

THE leading citizen of the world is the housewife. A bold, new appraisal of the values of the world is to be made by the women of the twentieth century. The guide for the race to come is the scientific housewife. In the shaping of her hands lie the gifts of heart, brain and body that will belong to the children of to-morrow.

The housewife is the first keeper of a man's morals. Fat body, lean soul. Sick body, frail soul. Weak body, numb soul. Coarse body, hurt soul. The care of the body, for her husband, her children and herself, is a moral responsibility second to none, which every housewife must meet fairly and discharge fully, or be derelict.

Further, a man's capacity for work and a child's for study, analyzed and traced to their source, depend largely on the home regimen directed by the wife and mother. Given the right home care, a man may work two hours longer a day, with less fatigue and more enjoyment. His alertness, decisiveness, energy, accuracy and endurance can be increased from ten to forty per cent. by science in the home. I have seen a man's output of work doubled by the reorganization of his household.

Experts declare that seventy per cent. of the school children are physically defective; that a large proportion of backwardness and dullness may be ascribed to this oft-unsuspected state of chronic ill health; and that the causes reside principally in the home factors of food and drink, sanitation, ventilation, clothing, baths, exercise, and other daily features of home life. Housewives, if they would learn their profession, could save to their families at least $75,000,000 a year—now being wasted in hospitals, asylums, sanitoriums and drug stores.

House Workers

THERE are more people engaged in some branch of household work than in any other trade or profession. The number in Canada has been conservatively reckoned at 2,000,000. Among this great body of workers, the dearth of scientific knowledge is appalling. My work has brought me in touch with many thousands of women whose labor and love is for the home; but I have not met a dozen housewives who really knew their business.

I would here interject a word of preface. No mere man, though he be a Solomon of domestic lore, could ever persuade an orthodox housekeeper that he knows her business better than she does. Therefore, modestly and becomingly, I would state that, in preparing this paper, I consulted various women authorities considered among the best in the world. Housekeeping is a hard job—a much harder job than the ordinary *man* ever tackled. But the way to make a hard job easy is to put some education into it. Therefore, while agreeing with the housekeeper as to the difficulty of her problems, I hold the average man's view that they *need not* be difficult.

To introduce our theme, let us borrow a printer's term and produce a "lay-out" of the matter before us. In approaching any kind of work, the initial move is to build an outline of the duties and functions of the worker, and their relations to each other, to the worker, and to those affected by the work.

Wife, Mother, Housekeeper

AN efficient housewife is three women—a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper. Now being a wife is an art, being a mother is a profession, and being a housekeeper is a business. The art, the profession and the business must be learned separately and completely, then so united as to create a perfect mosaic of labor, life and character. Most of a woman's troubles and perplexities at home are but the failure to realize and observe this classification of her duties and opportunities. We must here limit ourselves to the discussion of the factors in efficient housekeeping only, but we wish it thoroughly understood that when a wife has become an efficient housekeeper, she is still but a third of an efficient woman.

The *complexity* of household management is the real problem to be solved. How can any mortal be a sanitary expert, a hygienist, a psychologist, a purchasing agent, a sartorial counsel, a seamstress, a dietetic physician, a director of employees, a kindergarten supervisor, a household financier, a tireless mechanism, a hostess, a helpmeet and a beautiful lady of leisure—all at the same time? Yet these are only a few of the multiple individuals the average man expects his wife to be—and her salary nothing but the supernal joy of waiting on him. Is a housewife more foolish for not learning her business, or a husband more foolish for not being willing to pay her a salary when she does learn her business?

Save

MANY a housekeeper could learn to save $100 to $300 a year by adopting scientific methods of marketing.

Lamb chops and leg of lamb cost about the same. But the chops are nearly half bone—why pay for the bone? Also the leg of lamb remaining from the first meal can be served again, revamped or disguised; but the chops left over cannot be safely put in hash and called by a French name used for an alias. Why waste perfectly good money on porterhouse steak because it sounds elite, when it costs fifty per cent. more than other good cuts whose protein equivalent is almost the same? Why imagine that you need expensive meats at all? An order of steak for a small family costs, we will say, fifty cents. This makes one meal. For fifty cents you can buy two or three meals of fish; and four or five meals of nuts, legumes, cheese or grains. If you are feeding your imagination, you will go on buying steak; if you are feeding your stomach, you will buy mostly something else.

Other examples of economy: a ten cent box of whole wheat crackers will yield more nourishment than two ten cent loaves of ordinary white bread. For most sweetening purposes, "brown" sugar is better than granulated, and costs less. Home-made grape juice can be put up for about eight cents per pint—the store price is twenty-five cents.

Plan the Menu

A COMPLETE scientific table of food values, covering all the articles of home use, and specifying both hygienic and economic percentage, should be the constant guide of the housekeeper. A balanced menu is fundamental to health. And no one ever happened on a balanced menu system—it has to be studied out. I know people who have cut down their druggist and doctor bills by two-thirds, merely through applying some dietetic wisdom. There is a fascination, moreover, in learning how far you can make a dollar go in the kitchen. Five ounces of cornmeal, costing about one cent, offer as much nutrition as ten eggs, costing thirty to forty cents. When you learn a few hundred facts like this, and base your marketing on these principles, you will come to enjoy your work as everybody does who is expert and masterful. How to like your work better: *Do* it better.

This means also, do it more easily. I judge that the typical Canadian housewife wastes nervous energy to a wholly unnecessary degree every day. This explains why she frets and scolds, and why she is too tired to greet her husband with a smile when he comes home from work. She must learn to adopt the general truths of scientific management, and to save her time and strength as well as her husband's money. Theoretically, the operations of the household should all be standardized, in respect to motion, time and sequence. But as the homes of to-day were constructed by men architects and builders, who had no scientific knowledge of household engineering, the usual arrangement of the kitchen, pantry, dining-room and cupboards makes a perfect "routing" system next to impossible. A man can no more be the sole architect of a home than a woman could be of a factory. A woman specialist—a domestic science engineer—should be consulted before any home has the foundation laid. Such mechanical devices as the speaking tube, and dumb-waiter connecting different floors and saving many trips a day up and down stairs, or the belt line tray carrier from kitchen to dining-table which brings all dishes to and from the meal in one operation, cost little when embodied in the first plans of a house; their upkeep is almost nil.

But in all efficiency work, our aim is to turn

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Lantic Sugar

is best for all preserving, from the earliest berries to the latest peaches. Its purity and FINE granulation insures a clear, sparkling syrup.

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Atlantic Sugar Refineries LIMITED

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Look for the red ball trade-mark on each package

For her morning cup of delicious

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

She knows that it is good, even if she doesn't appreciate, as the older members of her family do, the importance of our guarantee of purity and wholesomeness.

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When prepared according to the simple directions given, forms:

A complete diet for the Infant, easily digestible, health-giving, strength-giving.

Assists teething, consequently promotes the healthful sleep so essential to the well-being of the infant.

Mrs. G. C. Say, 170 Rectory St., London, writes on 3rd Aug., 1915: "I am pleased to inform you that your 'Neave's Food' was the only food out of five we tried that suited my little girl perfectly."

Sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.

Free to Mothers—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our helpful book, "Hints About Baby," to the Canadian Agent,

EDWIN UTLEY

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Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Home-making

limitations into opportunities, and the faulty arrangement of a house merely gives the housewife a better chance to use her wits in her own behalf.

Plan the Day

PLANNING the day ahead is a fundamental factor in good housekeeping. A schedule of the duties and responsibilities for each member of the family, and each day in the week, should be lettered attractively, posted conspicuously, and observed minutely. A good business man has the entire business day mapped out in advance. A good housekeeper does likewise, finishing each bit of work in its allotted time, and proceeding calmly and quietly from one memorandum to another, without the nerve strain and emotional panic that result from hodge-podge habits of work. A housewife's first need is to get over being a hodge-podger.

Meals can be scheduled and ordered a week in advance, and the whole job done at one time. This method not only helps the maid, the grocer and the butcher to avoid haste and errors, but provides for the complete utilization of "left overs" and relieves the mind of the housekeeper from the everlasting bother of having to think always what the family can eat next. The bargain-day shopping, the sessions with milliner and dressmaker, the attendance at social functions, the care of the children, the philanthropic work, everything that a modern woman does and wants to do, may be so effectively reduced to a system that worry and fatigue are banished, and duties become delights. I am theorizing or sentimentalizing? I am not—I have seen it done.

Many a housewife walks ten miles a day, in pursuing her vocation. Has she fitted all her house shoes with rubber heels? Has she tried openwork sandals for home wear, in place of shoes? Does she know that cushion felt slippers are made so easy that you hardly think you have anything on your feet, but so durable that they wear as long as leather shoes? Further; does the housewife suspend all her clothing from the shoulders, none from the waist? Can she forego the corset, and every other tight garment while at work? Has she learned how to look attractive and feel comfortable, both at the same time? Is it her daily custom to go to her rooms, give orders not to be disturbed, and relax entirely for half an hour each afternoon? A few dozen questions like these will show the housewife whether she is, or is not, fully conserving her energies.

Use Helpful Machinery

THE best hardware, house-furnishing, and department stores now handle an assortment of devices, tools and implements for saving labor, time, health and money in the home. To women folk living in the country, many of these utensils are offered by mail-order houses. We can mention here but a small number of these aids to easy and effective housekeeping: fireless cooker, with recipe book and instructions for saving time, care and fuel; kitchen cabinet, for eliminating much of the standing and walking work, and enabling you to sit comfortably with most of your dishes and supplies in reach; sanitary window ventilator that keeps out dust and germs, rain, snow and drafts, oiled mop and duster, for settling the dirt, instead of scattering it; safety clothes lines, non-stretching, non-staining, non-ravelling, warranted to keep clothes from blowing away; dishpan that fits into the sink and protects it while accommodating all the dishes at once; tea wagon to save steps; paper towels for bathroom and kitchen; sanitary cleaning brushes for specific uses, to fit cracks, corners and curved surfaces; meat perforator to make "round steak as tender as porterhouse"; nut-crackers that deliver kernels whole; glass dishes for baking, that let you watch the process going on inside, then serve food in same dish, and wash easily; duplex bulb for electric light, that regulates amount of current used, with light bills and eye strain reduced fifty per cent.; guaranteed aluminium cooking utensils, to prevent scorching and retain full flavor of food; family clothes washing machine, electric or water power, that does not break buttons, tear clothing nor fray edges of garments.

Among the new manufactures and inventions for making housework a joy instead of a nuisance are the varied and appealing forms of electrical contrivances now available, and growing more and more economical. A few examples: the electric ironing machine and washing machine which make washing day and ironing day one and the same by saving hours of time and pounds of former drudgery; the electric vacuum cleaner; the dish washer that cleanses, rinses and dries the table dishes for an average family in less than five minutes; the sewing machine motor, that enables you to complete a day's sewing in a few hours with scarcely any fatigue; the portable desk lamp and floor lamp, for directing the most concentrated light wherever needed, while protecting the eyes from the glare; the water heater; the "sad" iron—not sad in this case; the toaster stove; the warming pad; the rotary fan; the pocket searchlight; the household interphone.

Employee—Not Servant

BUT the human element, in domestic science as in all applied science, takes precedence over the material adjuncts. I refer now to the housemaid, and to the storekeeper, on whose co-operation the mistress of the home has to depend for a large degree of her success. The loyal, energetic, enthusiastic team work that makes a business project forge ahead is conspicuously absent in the home regime. Did you ever see a housemaid illumined with ardor and joy in her work, and so faithful and devoted that she clung to her mistress ten or twenty years without a murmur? If not, why not? Did you ever see a grocer who respected the business acumen of the housewife as much as that of her husband? If not, why not?

The cure for the "servant" problem is to realize that there *is* no servant. There is an employee—but no servant. What the housemaid objects to is being called, classed and treated as a servant. When she does her work right, she is an artist. But, ordinarily, she is an outcast in the family. She is promptly banished to a cold, ugly, dreary attic room; she is robbed of the home ties and sense of personal ownership that every woman craves; she is run through a mill of monotony, slavery and drudgery, with no chance of promotion or advancement; she is forced to work at any or all hours of the day or night; she has for an employer a mistress who knows neither her own business nor that of the maid, but who gives orders with the air of omniscience and the finality of fate; she cannot have Sundays or legal holidays to herself, as other employees rightfully demand; she loses caste everywhere because of being a "domestic"; she receives in cash only a half to third of what she might expect, sooner or later, in other lines of work; and she has no compensations for all these drawbacks and discouragements.

Do you have trouble in getting, keeping or managing a maid? Then it might be well to ask yourself how many of the usual defects in the household employment relation you have discerned, acknowledged and corrected. Also if your butcher, grocer, ice-man or plumber treats you badly, you have yourself to blame. A shopkeeper would not dare to cheat or maltreat a first class business man; why should he dare to cheat or maltreat you? We are always discounted in being disrespected—no matter who does the disrespecting.

I can only suggest briefly and roughly in this article a few of the most important branches and phases of domestic engineering.

How to Learn

TO the progressive housewife determined to know her business, I would recommend one or more of these five channels of knowledge now open to her: (1) books and magazines for the home and the home-maker; (2) bulletins and reports from leading experts and national organizations; (3) personal courses in all branches of household management for mothers, daughters and maids; (4) the direct service and counsel of a qualified domestic engineer; (5) the aid of agricultural colleges and extension departments of universities in many localities of Canada.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF YOUR BOY?

(*Continued from page 26*)

19. Fevers?
20. Has he had any serious illnesses?
21. Does he get along well at school?
22. What is his grade?
23. Is he considered quick or slow in his classes?
24. What subjects does he like best?
25. What studies does he find most difficult?
26. What does he read?
27. What are his favourite games?
28. Has he any bad habits?
29. What do you consider his worst faults?
30. What do you consider his best qualities?
31. Does he resemble his father or mother?
32. What does he want to be when he grows up?
33. For what do you think he will be best fitted?
34. What would you most like him to be?
35. Send a sample of his writing—a page from an actual letter, including his signature, is best.
36. Send the following photographs, cheap unretouched photographs are best:
    Full face.
    Side face.
    Back head.
    Full length.
    Mother's name and address.

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly and enclose a three cent stamp, so that Professor Farmer can send you a personal reading of your boy. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

NOTE.—Professor Farmer's next article will be "Is Your Boy a Blonde or a Brunette?" It will show you what occupations in life he can fit himself for and the occupations he should never attempt to fit into.

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These pictures sell in Art Stores at 50c.—our price is 15c. each. You can sell the whole lot in an hour, especially as we give you with each picture a prize coupon, which entitles the purchaser to a present from us, that's why they sell like hot cakes. ORDER to-day right now. When sold return our money, $4.50, and we will send your Camera by return mail.

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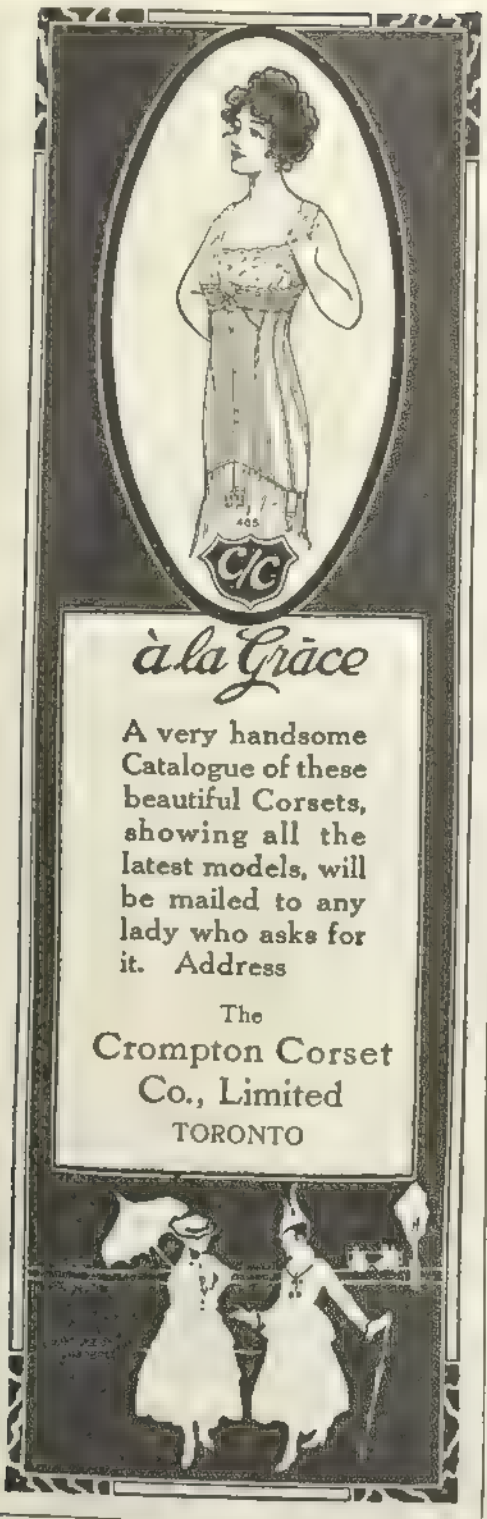

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A very handsome Catalogue of these beautiful Corsets, showing all the latest models, will be mailed to any lady who asks for it. Address

The
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JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

(*Continued from page 7*)

scious of any possibility of danger that they dropped me from their anxious minds, which were seriously concerned with their problem.

I walked more slowly than they did, and they were far ahead of me when, without warning, the rails of the trestle seemed to cross, then to rise up toward me. I realized what had happened. I had grown dizzy. The ravine below was appalling. It seemed to have no bottom. The men were too far in advance to give me immediate help. I could only drop down on my hands and knees, shut my eyes and call out. When the men hurried back they found me in this undignified position. I would not, *could* not, rise to my feet. Still on hands and knees, I crawled back to the starting point, which was a high embankment, and from there ignominiously slid down to level ground. I had put on a white linen dress that morning. It would have been hard to detect the colour of it when I reached the foot of that embankment.

ONE night, I remember, one of the managers of the Silver Bell Mine, in Arizona, in which my husband was interested, took me up a towering mountain in his automobile, which he had put on car trucks. A great storm was in progress, and the effect of thunder, lightning and sheets of rain in that wild setting was unique and superb. Later the storm stopped and a full moon rose, lighting up the whole region with an effect of waving flames. At first I could not understand this, until I discovered that the ground all around was carpeted with the most brilliant yellow poppies swaying in the night breeze. Among these, as a last touch to the picture, stood hundreds of dark cactus plants with arms upheld to the moon.

There was a large settlement of miners and their families at the Silver Bell, most of them Mexicans and Italians. They all lived together in a sort of bowl in the mountain, and this settlement was a favorite resort of mine. I had to amuse myself in some fashion while my husband was busy, so I spent hours playing with the children of these miners and telling them stories. I discovered that there was a supply of candy at the company store, and I gave orders that on each of my visits a bag of candy should be given to every child in the settlement. Then I had the excitement of watching the distribution and seeing the youngsters "repeat" on us. They all looked very much alike. Their simple method was to join the line, get their candy, slip away to change the little head shawls they wore, and blithely present themselves in this disguise as though for the first time. My visits were the great excitement of the year, and I am sure it was not the candy alone which made them love me and give me the name by which I soon became known throughout that region: "The Christmas Lady."

When we remained in our own car, we had every comfort and luxury. But we often left the car and roughed it with "the boys," and at such times I ate strange things. Once in California, during a dinner at one of the "tent cities," I sat by chance where I could watch the operations of the cook, who was a Chinaman. The result was that I ate nothing. When I left, this cook pressed a pie upon me, as a special offering, and for a day or two I debated the problem of what to do with that pie. Should I bury it, or drown it in a mountain stream? Before I had decided the question the pie disappeared—and though I never dared ask its fate, I still have a sick fear that Mr. Cheney ate it!

THE best of the many fine things about those days was the attitude of the Western men I met. There were some superb types among them, men whom it was an honor to know, and they paid me the high compliment of treating me as though I were a man. They were doing big things—building a railroad—and I saw them in action. I could write volumes about wrecks, wash-outs, tunnel blasting, all-night and all-day work, all to bind the East and West together by that thin iron thread. Knowing that I was deeply interested, they talked to me of their work; another of my most delightful memories is that of tramping over miles of onion and cabbage farms with B. F. Yoakum, while he talked to me of irrigation and railroad problems. The irrigation problems we have always with us. As one dear old lady put it: "My dear, we haven't enough water here to bathe a goldfish in!"

Once, in the Grand Canyon, I overheard Captain Hanse, the famous guide, tell a party of pathetically trustful travellers some hair-raising bear stories. I listened without comment and, I hoped, without expression. But a little later he came to me.

"Them yarns wa'nt fer you," he explained shamefacedly. "'Course you knew I was jest tellin' them folks things 'cause they *expect* it!"

Another picture I shall carry through

(*Continued on page 55*)

for All Uses

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THE SHADOW HAND

(*Continued from page 6.*)

particular point the master had taught, only to feel a sort of shame in her success; more, to feel that she had diverted something to useless purpose which should have turned directly toward helping Gerald.

But, looking at the paper on her lap, that morning in the park, an idea occurred to her. "Perhaps——"

She rushed home, worked feverishly while Gerald was out, and, before he came in, she had five sketches posted and on their way to Toronto. Within the next two weeks she had not only drawn other "types," but had *sold them.*

"They are not faultless, by any means," commented the Art Editor, squinting at them after the manner of artists, "but you have the imagination, madame. This fellow at the cafe—ah, he looks drinking!"

Toronto also approved, and the sketches of "John Gerald" took the form of a mild epidemic.

SO it came about that for five years Jeanette Lacy had more than she could do, but because it was all for Gerald, she did it! And he? He still leaned upon her without knowing it, and he bullied her in his old-time tolerantly affectionate way. Indeed, in some inexplicable manner, he had come to look upon himself as her prop and mainstay.

"It makes a fellow feel like a stone pergola with ivy crawling over it, the way my mother depends on me," he said one night to a group of his intimate friends. "It's an awful responsibility," he went on, a little vaguely, "in fact, it's a sort of handicap."

"Name of a dog," jeered one of them. "He lives at a grand hotel, has some one to mend his purple and fine linen, provide him with three—four—five meals a day, smooth his pillow when he is ill, and smooth his temper when he is cross! And he talks about stone pergolas and responsibilities. It is to laugh!"

Gerald stiffened. "Each of us has problems," he said.

"La, la," laughed another. "What knows my friend of handicaps? Come down in the Quartier with us, live in a garret on a franc a week when thou hast it; eat to-day and not again till some one invites you to a meal—truly an answer to prayer—then talk to us of handicaps!"

"Bear hardships, and thou wilt paint better, and sell better, petit Gerald," spoke Duval, the eldest of the velveteen-jacketed crowd. "Thou has been too carefully nurtured to feel the prickings of imagination. One cannot create on an over-full stomach."

"So," thought Gerald later, "they think I can't create!" He was in the depths of indescribable depression. "They probably make fun of my work behind my back. I'll sell socks and ties in a haberdasher's!" But immediately following this inconsequential threat came the comforting assurance that his success, according to them, depended only upon environment and a little dieting.

"If I lived in the Quarter—but certainly I could paint. *There* is where I shall find congenial atmosphere. Madre might have thought of that!"

HE broached the subject of moving, with characteristic frankness.

"Look here, Madre, don't you think all this rather unnecessary?"

Mrs. Lacy looked up from the toaster, puzzled.

"This, darling?"

Gerald waved a comprehensive hand over the apartment.

"Of course, I'm not blaming you," he conceded magnificently, "and of course you must not be made unnecessarily uncomfortable. But, after all, we came to Paris to make an artist of me, didn't we? And if I can't be made an artist in this place, why we ought to move—don't you think? Beside," he went on, "consider the money we could save by living in the Latin Quarter! You have been wickedly extravagant, old Madre of mine; but I'll forgive you this time, if you don't keep up the hideous expenditure," he added playfully, hardly realizing that he did not in the least know what the "hideous expenditure" was.

"I'll look for a place to-day," murmured Mrs. Lacy, hoping that her acquiescence was not too ready.

While Gerald was at his class, his mother affected the moving. He never could endure confusion, and he came to the new studio to find everything in place, even to a half tube of Chinese white, which he kept for some inexplicable reason in his collar-button box. Then he sat down to receive an inspiration.

What he really received was assistance from that Shadow Hand always so ready to give him help, but the success of an exceptionally well painted picture he attributed solely to his novel environment.

"We ought to have been here all along," he complained.

This conviction gained mightily in strength when he met Miriam. Miriam lived on the floor above and said *she* thought she was a writer, the emphasis denoting a difference of opinion on the part of several purblind editors. Still, she was doing very well. She had positive genius for discovering jewels in the Dustbin of Life, and she surrounded them with a unique setting of her own which was destined some day to make her famous. Gerald looked upon this radiant young woman with a species of awe, which sensation soon intermingled with one much tenderer and more chivalrous. He liked to feel that he was a help to her in her work, and it was only after months of association that he was made to realize that she more frequently provided his copy—in their rambles along the Boul' Miche, for example—than the other way round.

To this day of awakening Jeanette Lacy looked forward with anxiety. Gerald never had accompanied any one's solo. She even ventured a timid remonstrance to the girl.

"Suppose he does see what a help I am to him," she laughed, growing pink to her ears," he will only like me more and need me more. Hurt him? Well, why not? Who is Gerald Lacy that he should be wrapped in sweet-scented cotton wool all his life and never be scratched? He must realize sooner or later that he is only an atom in the Scheme of Life—he is not the Scheme itself. I am going to give him a severe shock."

THE shock he received came not through Miriam, however, but curiously through a suggestion made by his mother.

"Why don't you try some illustrations, darling?" she asked, after a discouraging season, marked with utter paucity of ideas. "Of course, they would only be pot-boilers, but I understand there is quite a lot of money in the work." She thought guiltily of "John Gerald," and blushed. But he did not notice.

"Illustrations?" he repeated, as though she had uttered a foul oath in his presence. "*Me?*"

"And why not?" taunted Miriam, who happened to be present. "If you really do good ones, perhaps I will let you illustrate some of my second best stories. And anyway, Gerald," she said, more seriously, "you have got to make some money. I won't go out to dinner with you any more—on Mrs. Lacy's treat. So there!"

Indignant, but vanquished, Gerald flung himself into the studio and banged the door. He refused to show his mother or Miriam the result of a couple of hours' work, and took his sketches to an editor almost before the ink was dry. By a strange coincidence, he chose the same magazine in which the work of "John Gerald" appeared with unfailing regularity, and the editor, who promised to make an immediate decision, was the same with whom "John Gerald" dealt.

Miriam rescued the rejected drawings from the conceirge and laid them in his hand. She was rather sorry for him, in spite of telling herself that he needed unwrapping from his sweet-scented cotton wool.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied," he cried, flinging the letter rudely at his mother. There were tears of rage and humiliation in his eyes and voice.

Mrs. Lacy, white to the lips, read:

"Dear Sir,

We return the sketches you were good enough to submit, feeling that there is not just the originality in them we desire, for our pages; they are distinctly "after John Gerald," who has endeared himself to our readers and upon whose preserves we do not care to encroach. We should be glad to see anything else of yours, however, for we appreciate the correctness of your lines, and we beg to remain,

Yours truly,
THE EDITORS."

MRS. LACY watched him dumbly as he tramped about the room. She was too miserable to speak. The situation was the height of ironic tragedy. Gerald's sketches were refused because they were "after" those which had been made solely to help him reach a pinnacle of success *she* had never dreamed of attaining. Beside, there was the humiliation she had unwittingly caused him. It was as though she, his mother, were competing—*successfully* competing—against him and flaunting her superiority in his face.

Impulse prompted her to put her

(*Concluded on page 33*).

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Just use part

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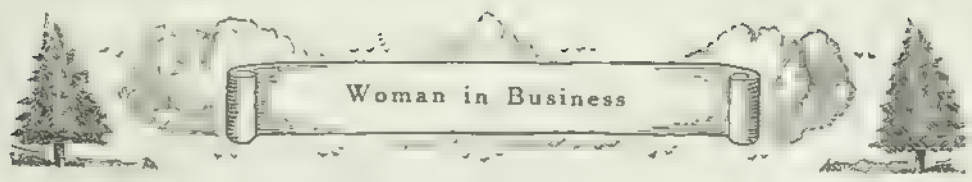


FALLING IN LOVE WITH BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 5*)

achieved in the business world to an earnest effort on my part to render faithful, conscientious service at all times, and my endeavour to concentrate my mind on all matters pertaining to the business in hand.

"I do not hold with the opinion which one hears frequently expressed, that men endeavour to retard the progress of women in the business world. My experience has been of a very different order, and I believe that men are quite willing to hand over responsibility, and to give credit where they believe it to be due, irrespective of sex. At the present time the business world presents most alluring opportunities to intelligent girls of good education, who, if they are willing to go through the necessary training, and will give the best that is in them to their work, may rise to positions of great responsibility and trust. There is no reason why many of the executive positions at present held by men should not be equally as well filled by women.

"IT is often difficult to secure competent girls for business offices, and this I attribute to the fact that many girls do not appreciate the importance and the seriousness of the work which they undertake. They are, in many cases, not willing to sacrifice their personal pleasures, for their advancement in their work. They do not concentrate on their work sufficiently, and if woman is to occupy the important position in business life, which it is rapidly becoming her duty to assume, she must be willing to sacrifice, to a certain extent at least, her social life. It has been said, and truly, that this is an age of specialists, therefore I should advise all young women who enter this field of activity to seek to become specialists in their own particular line. Make up your mind to do your work just a little better than any one else could do it, and your services will become indispensable—your success will be assured.

"It is most important that woman should realize the great responsibility which rests upon her—the responsibility of filling the positions now left vacant by men who are leaving for active service at the Front. We are brought every day nearer to the conditions that are prevailing in England, where women are engaged in all kinds of work, formerly performed only by men."

Falling in Love with Business.

H. G. Wells, in a recent article writes: "In every age some voice has been heard asserting, like Plato, that the woman is a human being, and the prompt answer has been: 'But such a different human being!' Wherever there is a human difference, fair play is difficult—the universal clash of races witnesses to that—and sex is the greatest of human differences.

"But the general trend of mankind toward intelligence and reason has been also a trend away from a superstitious treatment of sexual questions, and a recognition, so to speak, that a woman's 'a man for a' that;' that she is, indeed, as entitled to an independent soul and a separate voice in collective affairs.

"As brain has counted for more and more in the human effort, and brute strength and the advantage of not bearing children for less and less, as man has felt greater need for a companion and a lesser need for a slave, and as the increase of food and the protection of the girl from premature childbearing has approximated the stature and strength and enterprise of the woman more and more to that of the man, this secular emancipation of the human female from the old herd subordination and servitude to the patriarchal male has gone on.

"'The real' emancipation, to which reason and the trend of things make, is from the yielding to the energetic side of a woman's disposition, from beauty enthroned for love, toward the tall, weather hardened woman with a spear, loving her mate as her mate loves her, and as sexless as a man in all her busy hours."

Practical Opinions

BELIEVING that readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD would be interested in some of the initial phases of the business problems as it affected girls starting out on their career, I approached Miss Mary A. MacMahon, superintendent of employment for the Underwood Typewriter Company, concerning her viewpoint.

"Tell EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD that I find the vast majority of young girls do not take a sufficient interest, once they have secured a position, in making that position the largest possible success. One of the main reasons for this is that their training at school is generally insufficient. Particularly is this noticeable in shorthand; they learn the theory well enough in most cases, but their speed and accuracy is woefully weak.

"Speaking from experience, I find that girls are too anxious to leave school and begin earning money, forgetting the fact that shorthand can only be learned well at school and that business college courses are very seldom continued once one reaches office employment. I am warmly in sympathy with vocational training, believing that it would go to the root of the employment problem and determine a girl's final fitness for business."

Women, Creatures of Conditions

MRS. E. G. COWDRY, Assistant Superintendent of Staff, and the "Other Mother" of the girls at the Dominion Bank's Head Office, holds some very strong opinions as regards a young girl's place in the business world.

"I believe," she said, "that every woman's ultimate place should be in the home, with children and a loving husband, but inasmuch as life has not yet reached that perfect plan she must often find something else to do, particularly with conditions as they are to-day. Women are particularly adaptable for office work, and when once they take a genuine interest and work whole-heartedly, they are on the highroad to success and happiness of mind. A fair education, plus a practical objective, is the first thing a woman must have on entering business. Speaking as a mother, I intend that my daughter shall have such a training, one which will emphasize the values of life and enable her to play her part capably, whether at home, in business or professional circles. However, under war conditions, it is fast being demonstrated—to the surprise of the men—how efficiently women can fill men's places in banks. Of course, thus far, this is within certain limits, but from recent observation I know of no reason why women should be thought unfitted for executive posts of importance in banking institutions—and who can say how far they may not advance?"

Canadian Women Must Help

THE story of a woman's triumph over difficulties in the business world was never told in a more complete manner than it is lived and reflected in Mrs. Josephine Witt, manufacturer of artificial flowers at No. 16 Sheppard Street, Toronto, and an employer of both women and men.

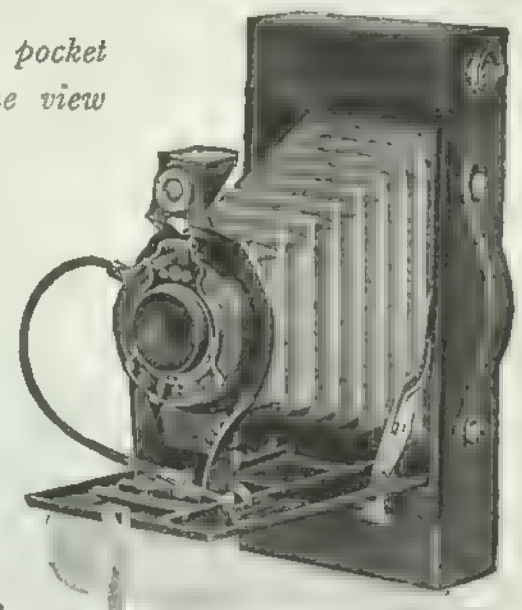
"For the next twenty-five years the women of Canada will have to make up their minds to step out and take their place in the fields of commerce. This adjustment will take place not only in this country, but in many countries, wherever trade and commerce must be carried on to satisfy the necessities of civilization; and it is only practical patriotism that Canadian women should fit themselves to do work capably, whenever the opportunity presents itself.

"When I started in business six years ago I had nothing but two children and a few debts, but I found that the work I had formerly learned stood me in good stead.

"You may not know that I left school when eleven years old and was one of the child labor products of New York City,

(*Concluded on next page*)

A camera that fits the pocket
A picture that fits the view



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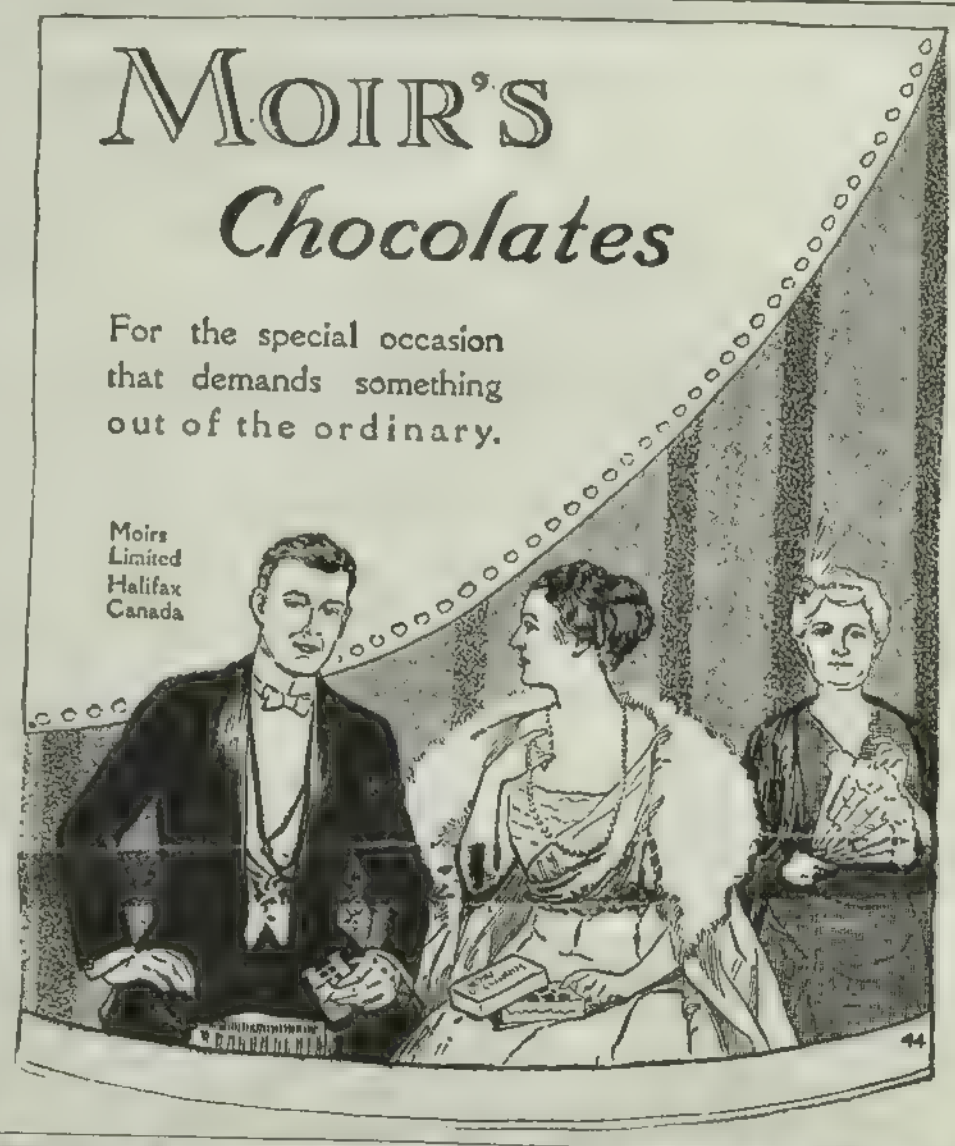

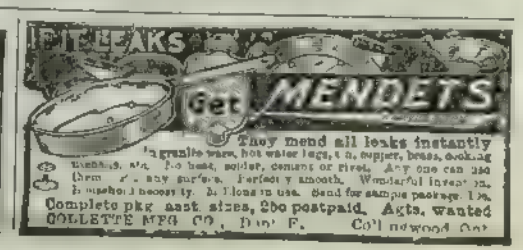
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THIS new instrument Re-Creates every voice and every form of music with such literal perfection that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original performance when heard in direct comparison.

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FALLING IN LOVE WITH BUSINESS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

consequently my knowledge of business affairs has been gathered from the hard school of experience. Women cannot afford fudge parties, too many tea parties, nor the time lost in doing things which distract their attention from the main objective. A woman's work should not end when she is married, she should continue to keep in touch with the line of thought with which she set out to make a business success in life, never forgetting that circumstances may compel her some day to go back to the business world. My final word of advice to Canadian girls about to enter business is—'Study out what you are best fitted for and then make it your aim and object to secure a position doing that work which you have found you like best above all others.' Conscientious thought with work will bring good health mentally and physically, and with it, success."

Women Should Look at Business as Men Do

"If the girls who are working down town would get the right viewpoint on business, there would be more work turned out and they would earn more money and help each other upward to a more effective industrial appreciation."

In these words Miss Mary Lambert of the Great West Life Insurance Company, who has been "working down town" in Toronto for eighteen years, stated the case for the beginner.

"I shall never forget how I first saw the light," went on Miss Lambert. "The incident I am about to relate occurred fifteen years ago this Summer. In those days office hours were much longer than they are now, and on this particular day of which I speak, the work seemed unusually hard. So much, that although some letters still remained to be typed, I slammed my desk down, left my dictation book in the drawer, put on my hat and went home. There was a party on that night—and anyway I did not think the letters important.

"Two days afterward I was called in to see the manager, and was told the letters to Montreal had not been received, although they had been dictated in time to have done so. I gave the usual excuses, and in reply was given this: 'Miss Lambert, a man gets responsibility by being ready to assume it. He sticks to his work until it's done because he's got to. The same thing applies to women, although it is not natural for her to find herself in the business world. However, the world is changing and twenty five years from today there will be big positions for the women who are not afraid to look facts and details in the face.' But if you expect to remain in business you will have to use your conscience toward your employer as much as I do.'

"I have never forgotten that talk," went on Miss Lambert, 'although I think now that there is no reason why more women shouldn't enter business for themselves and invest their own capital. Corset manufacturing, ladies' tailoring and the higher grade restaurant work are businesses that require women's attention, and I should be developed with that end in view."

These comments by women who have themselves achieved business success in a marked degree should prove an inspiration, and act as an incentive to all those who have as yet only reached the contemplative stage, regarding the fuller responsibilities to be met with in the commercial arena in the days that will shortly come.

Not one of these women who speak through this article earns less than $1,400 a year and in several instances the salary is more than double that figure. But these rewards were not made possible except by hard work, and close application.

All are agreed that there is plenty of room at the top for the girl who likes doing something useful.

The girl who can
Is as good as a man
For "Business is Business"
Since Time began.

WHEN A MAN STOPS DRINKING

(*Continued from page 9*)

this time it held forty human beings, packed and crowded and squeezed in. The door was locked and away we went—drunken men, Chinamen, negroes, a ragged underworld mob, and surely such a foul-smelling aggregation of supposedly human beings were never before huddled together. On arriving at the prison our names, ages and occupations were taken; a bath and shave followed and, with a suit of prison clothes on, we were marched to our home—a cell.

From that hour I was plunged into a profound, persistent melancholy. It was as though the whole fabric of life had suddenly toppled over and crushed down upon my brain. As I peered through the bars an awful loneliness came over me. I was sober at last. I felt such a horror at being shut out from the world that I determined I would never touch another drop of strong drink. From that minute my coming back started. I am as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar that I have had "My Last Drink."

There was no dawn of hopefulness that I could map out. The shadows of life were lengthening and growing thinner. Time and age were relentlessly creeping on, and ill health, a legacy from drink, were facts whirling through my brain with lightning rapidity.

EVERYTHING was dark, dead. I realized that Time had its hand on the door of my life. There was nothing in the past to which I could turn. I must begin life over again. I flung myself on my cell cot, and with closed eyes saw my past go round and round like the hands of a clock. My grief and trouble were borne in silence. The terrible stillness was worse than death itself. I was stunned. The path I had travelled had come to an end. I could not rid myself of its memory. Here I was—a convict. For what? For attempting to secure money in an illegitimate way to appease my insatiable desire for drink.

This same place is yawning for every drinking man. No man who flirts with alcohol is immune from the path I followed and the end I found. The clock of human life is set at a definite point. The pendulum will, some day, swing the other way, either for better or worse, and always for worse for the drinking man.

Coming back after you have dropped to the bottom is a slow, wearisome journey. One hardly knows which way to turn or what to do. Friends and acquaintances have lost confidence in you, employers are chary about giving employment, and I found myself at the bottom of the ladder of life. With credit, reputation, and standing absolutely gone; the outlook was indeed discouraging.

I soon discovered it was a pretty good world after all, for I found many loyal friends, and quickly, too.

As soon as I convinced these friends that I had taken "My Last Drink," there was nothing spared to encourage me in every way. They secured employment and tendered substantial financial assistance, exacting nothing from me but a promise to be firm. Had it not been for these friends my coming back would indeed have been rocky, and almost impossible of achievement. What these good men did for me was voluntary, and they were actuated solely by a noble desire to do humanitarian work. Their mission has not been fruitless. They are as much gratified at the outcome of their kindness as myself and family.

IF any moderate drinker, who regards prohibition as an enemy to his personal liberty, could only know of my happiness, and contrast it with the despair I endured through drink, surely he would not refuse to forego his moderate drink, and would do his utmost to put this home wrecking incubus out of reach of the poor wretches whose appetites have grown beyond their control.

Society stands for law, order, peace and happiness. Whiskey stands for drunkenness, poverty, distress, crime, vice and all its countless attendant consequences.

It is not only the welfare of individuals and of families, but the future of the entire nation that is involved in this evil. It is a social, moral, religious, industrial and political question, and is vital to the future of the race as well as to the nation.

Business efficiency, industrial economy, the fundamental principles of thrift, clean manhood, pure womanhood, and good citizenship, demand the abolition of the drink traffic.

The rights of humanity and the good of the community must be considered, and it is my purpose to devote the remainder of my days in helping to uplift those enthralled in the quagmire of drink, who have lost their moorings and are being plunged headlong into this awful maelstrom of destruction.

LOVE, AND GENIUS

THE SHADOW HAND

(*Continued from page 30*)

arms about him and confess the whole wretched business, to tell him how necessity drove "John Gerald" into the field, ultimately to score over him. But blind fear kept her silent. Gerald would never forgive her the trick she had played upon him all these years—there would be a breach between her and her only son.

A brooding desire to reinstate him in the kingdom of self-respect from which she had driven him, resulted in over-zealous suggestions of help on her part. These Gerald promptly resented.

"I am going to take a room, outside," he announced. "I think I could do better work, alone, in a perfectly strange place."

"But, my dearest boy—" began his mother in a panic. If he shut the door of his studio upon her, how could she ever help to make his dogs "look walking"?

"No use arguing, Madre," he said. "I have the feeling that you are antagonistic to my work. 'Silly,' of course, you will say but that doesn't change my feeling. You think I am going to fail, because of those cursed sketches—and it makes me unsure, myself. When I am working alone, I am confident that I shall have swarms of inspirations."

Mrs. Lacy made good use of the abandoned studio. She no longer had to sketch, sitting hunched on the foot of her bed, or sprawled across the kitchen table, one eye on the door and the other on the gas burner. She spread out her materials like a real artist, and, like a female Bluebeard, she kept her secret under lock and key.

BUT one day Miriam caught her and laughed at the sight of her guilty face.

"Why, you blessed angel, I have known it for months," cried the girl, "ever since the day Gerald's sketches were returned. What are a journalist's eyes for but to worm out other people's secrets? Besides, any one could have guessed—that is, any one except John Gerald's son!"

"And you'll never tell him, Miriam—oh, promise!" Jeanette Lacy was almost hysterical. "I could not bear to have him know. You see to what he has been driven already by my interference." She indicated the studio.

"But do you think you are honest with yourself or Gerald?" scolded stern justice of nineteen.

"It all began so long ago, there didn't seem to be any question of honesty," replied the older woman. "You help your child, just naturally, and do not expect him to say, 'Yes, I can feed myself now, Mother taught me.' When I discovered how much it meant to Gerald to think he was unaided, I just let him think it. It was all a part of a mother's hardest lesson—to teach her child to do without her."

"But you haven't taught him that, have you?" Miriam persisted. "He merely doesn't know he can't do without you; there's an awful difference."

"You *mustn't* tell him," urged the mother. "I forbid it! He will learn it unconsciously, in time," she concluded feebly.

"Nonsense!" retorted the girl. "One doesn't learn to do without one's mother unconsciously. Every step is a bitter struggle, every failure a descent into Hades, every triumph a flight to Olympus. What Gerald needs is struggle, conscious effort, and the sooner you let him know it, the better. Look at his picture for the competition!"

"He won't let me see it. A girl he has known a few months means more to him than his mother." Jealousy prompted her to remark.

"Of course! He recognizes in me the ability to help, the power to criticize. He is a little afraid of my independence, and therefore likes me to lean on him. He thinks you couldn't stand alone, and he takes you for granted."

"BUT I can't tell him. He would never forgive me."

"Then you will never make an artist of him. *I* could. Although I don't know ultramarine from indigo, I could improve his work."

The protective instinct of the animal prompted Mrs. Lacy to say, "You don't mind hurting him—you don't love him."

Miriam smiled. The light which shone behind her eyes denied the accusation.

"It would seem as though I loved him more than you," she said gently. "I am willing to suffer, myself, that he may be benefitted. You shrink from giving yourself pain."

And young Wisdom of nineteen gathered sobbing Ignorance of forty-two into her loving arms.

Jeanette Lacy would never have dreamed of entering a picture in the competition had not her expenses taken another sky-rocketing flight when Gerald decided that he must have private lessons from Victor Dessart. She entertained no hope of winning a prize but thought the chances of finding a purchaser might be good. When she turned her back upon the beautiful Paris spring and bent over the finely pleated shirt, the prayer in her heart was for Gerald. "Dear Lord, let him win a prize," she repeated monotonously.

"Put such an idea out of your head" warned Miriam. "I tell you the picture is not good."

"What is it?"

"Oh, a foggy, gray thing, showing an old woman, grim with a sort of stoic philosophy, watching a child who is crying. But somehow, the lump which ought to rise in your throat, doesn't rise. The child doesn't look crying."

Mrs. Lacy groaned as she hung the shirt over the back of a chair, but her groan turned into a cry of welcome, as Gerald burst into the room.

"Well, Madre," he said, "the great day is at hand. If I get first prize, my fortune's good as made. The picture's bound to command a lot of attention, if they hang it in the proper light."

"I wish I had seen it before you sent it off, darling," sighed his mother.

"What good would that have done, good old Madre?" he asked laughing.

The crush in the big salon was frightful. Gerald forgot as soon as he got to the doorway, that he was responsible for the safety of his mother and Miriam. His eyes swept the walls for his painting, and Jeanette Lacy eagerly followed his glance. But Miriam was looking for something else.

Moving along the line of least resistance, they presently found themselves part of the dense mass of people trying to get a peep at the picture which had been awarded First Prize. A glimpse dashed Gerald's hopes to the ground, but in that glimpse he saw something indescribable which caught the artist in him and held him spellbound.

A sunset—a blood-red sunset, the warmth and glow from which seemed to reach right out into the group of spectators. Several of them held out their hands toward the picture to assure themselves that, by some clever trickery, a light was not shining behind the canvas. In the foreground, lying just within the crimson radiance, lay the marble figure of a youth, whose veins were filling with red blood, whose body was becoming infused with life, drained, as it were, from the dying sun. It seemed as though one would presently see him breathe and rise, if one watched long enough.

"ONE thing dies that something else may live," muttered Gerald, impressed with the thought for the first time.

"Is it really good?" whispered Miriam. People were not talking. They were just looking. A few were wiping their eyes.

"It is—divine," answered the boy. "Of course it has some faults, brush faults"—he closed his eyes and peered between his lashes—"but it breathes, it pulses, it lives. Miriam," he broke off suddenly, "look! Do you see the name—*John Gerald!*"

She nodded and held her breath.

"Fancy my being enraged because my stuff was said to be like his," murmured Gerald, with the first real humility he had ever known. "Why, I would give ten years of my life to sit at that man's feet, and learn to paint a picture like that!"

The girl squeezed his arm and pretended not to see the tears twinkling on his lashes.

"Would you like to know John Gerald?" she asked.

His look of incredulous eagerness answered her.

"Then, come!"

She pulled him from the crush and started toward a deserted corner of the room. There, gazing raptly at a picture which had been sky-ed in an inconspicuous place, stood a solitary person. The picture was a foggy, gray thing, showing an old woman, grimly philosophic, who watched a child crying.

"Remember, you said you would sit at his feet," said Miriam, between laughter and tears.

For a moment he did not understand. Then, as myriads of lights burst upon the darkness of his mind, he *did* receive an inspiration. He ran swiftly across the room, and there, before them all, he dropped on one knee and kissed the woman's hand.

"Madre—oh, Madre!" he said.

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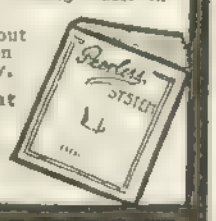

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JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

(Continued from page 29)

life is that of a magnificent drove of wild horses, led by a white stallion, flying before a sand-storm, tails and manes straight out on the wind. They were not as gloriously happy as they looked, but our well-broken horses were mad to join them, and our drivers had all they could do to keep them under control.

We usually started for California in October and returned in December, going out again in February or March and getting back in May in time to open "The Moorings" before the warm days came. It was an interesting life and extremely comfortable, and I accepted it without question and without curiosity. One day one of my sisters said to me:

"Julia, what is Ben's income?" The question made me stop and think. I suddenly realized that I did not know.

"Why," I said slowly, "I—I—think he has a good income. I suppose it must be ten or twelve thousand dollars a year!"

"Ten or twelve thousand a year!" echoed my sister. "Well, all I can say is that if that's all he's got, you and Ben are living away beyond your income!"

Later I repeated the conversation to Mr. Cheney, and he smilingly reassured my sister.

THE story of my "come-back"—of my return to the stage last year, after so many years of absence—has its beginning in the supreme tragedy of to-day—the European War. Mr. Cheney's business ventures were seriously affected by the War, as were those of so many others. When I felt the surge of the great national impulse to help the victims of the War, I suddenly realized that I could not offer help in the big way in which I longed to do it. My friends were appealing to me from every side. Every mail brought requests for donations. It would have taken a small fortune to respond to them all—and I could not go to my husband at that time and ask him for the thousands I wanted.

Suddenly my inspiration came. I would get up a great "benefit." I would return to the stage in one performance of, say, my beloved "Mercedes," and get my old friends in the theatrical world to help me. The whole plan shaped itself in my mind within a few minutes of the original idea, and the thrill that came at the thought of getting back to the footlights taught me something. I had always missed them, but I had not realized it.

I was in the Parker House in Boston when the inspiration came. Within half an hour I was talking to Mrs. T. B. Aldrich through the telephone. I wanted to give a special performance of "Mercedes," I explained, for the benefit of the European Actors' Relief Fund and the American Ambulance in Paris. An hour later she and I were lunching at the Chilton Club, enthusiastically going over the details of the project. That same afternoon I secured from Mr. Tyler the use of the Plymouth Theatre for the performance, saw my dressmaker and ordered a copy of my original "Mercedes" costume. When Miss Downing learned for what purpose I was getting this, she insisted on making the costume without charge.

"That will be my donation to the fund," she said firmly.

Later, when Mrs. Aldrich saw me in the costume, she lent me a beautiful and very valuable Spanish comb to add the last picturesque touch. Knowing that it was an heirloom in the Aldrich family, I protested, though faintly, against wearing it.

"Something may happen to it, you know," I warned her. "I never know what I am doing in certain scenes in 'Mercedes.' It may get broken."

"If it does," smiled Mrs. Aldrich, "it will perish in a good cause." So I wore the comb and, fortunately, it survived the experience. But I am anticipating.

That night at dinner, for which I was a bit late owing to my interviews with Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Tyler and the dressmaker, I mentioned my project to Mr. Cheney. When he learned that most of the details were already settled, he gave it an approval which I am afraid he did not really feel. Indeed, he looked as though he saw something that resembled the handwriting on the wall.

THE plan grew like a rolling snowball. The stage friends to whom I wrote immediately promised their services, and others who heard of the project wrote offering to help. Lawrence M. Clarty was the stage-manager. Never shall I forget the help given me by "the boys" of the Boston press. One and all they stood by me, with the result that we had to give the benefit in a larger house. Madame Mathilde Cottrelly volunteered for the role of *Ursula*, Ernest Glendinning consented to play *Captain Linvois*, William Courtleigh and Forrest Robinson took the roles of *Lavoissiere* and *Padre Josef*, and Edmund Breese handsomely accepted the small part of the *Sergeant*.

"I'd carry a spear for you," he said, when I apologized for the only role left.

When the cast of "Mercedes" was filled, offers of special acts and turns

(Continued on page 37)

RINGS Free

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

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"Your letter of the 21st to hand this evening, asking my permission to hand my letter to the National Drug & Chemical Co. You have my full permission to do so, and to them I give the liberty to publish and use my name if they wish, because Gin Pills have done for my husband and myself what no other remedy ever did. I have advised two other parties to use them; one being my mother who has been a great sufferer for twenty years, and one box of Gin Pills so relieved her so as to enable her to sleep on her left side, something she has not been able to do for many years."

"Mrs. J. P. J. WEDGE."

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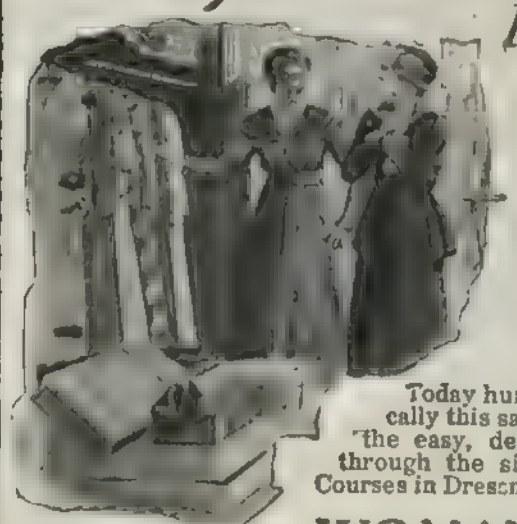

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Name_____
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When Love Was Young

LOVE AND A FAMILY FEUD

(*Continued from page 10*)

to Sam's son The young folk were marrying off, and here and there new nests were a-building

Presently he looked at his daughter again, and a queer little jealous spasm tugged sharply at his heart. Some day—it was not a very distant day perhaps—she, too, would be going. He shrunk from the thought; it frightened him. One by one he told off in his mind the young men of the neighbourhood—all save John Hains; there was no use considering a Hains, he told himself—and being dissatisfied, he shook his head at each. With whom, among them all, could he trust her? Even now, though she was grown to be a woman, he could still feel the pressure of her childish arms around his neck, the clasp of her baby fingers upon his own. She had been so little, so loving, and he had spoiled her, perhaps; and this man who would take her from him wouldn't know about that—and—and—how could it be possible that she should care for that one, more than she cared for "Daddy," who loved her so?

HIS soul was disquieted within him; and the broad sun slipped down and kissed the western hills, and the labourers came home from the fields singing and whistling along the paths. But the girl took no heed of the undertone of sadness and of vague regret in it all; nor was she conscious of the rich blaze of the fading sunset, and the dying light on the hills; neither did she see the shadows creeping up the village, nor hear the night birds calling from the orchard and the woods. True, the night had come, but Beth was thinking of the afternoon and of the spring and the man in the dark blue overalls. It was good, she thought, to live, and she went singing about her work.

The Battle

BETWEEN the man and the girl there were other meetings—such frequent meetings that the gossiping housewives of the neighbourhood wagged their heads sagely and, when "two or three gathered together in one place," indulged themselves freely in forecasts and adventured forth into prophecy. Did they not know Bill Norton, and was John Hains a man easily controlled or readily turned aside in his purpose?

But, regardless of these comments, the two continued to see each other on meeting days at the church, sometimes by accident as they travelled the country road, and, if Bill Norton suspected aught, he gave no sign; at least, none that his daughter or the public could read. To some it seemed that the old man had wistfully shut his eyes, not wishing to see. Others averred that such was Norton's hatred for a Hains that it had not even occurred to him that his daughter would look at John, much less tarry within the sound of the young man's voice or harken to his stammering speech.

"Bill'll waken up one o' these days," said one of the apologists.

"Dunno as I blames the young folks though. John Hains, he are a man—built from the groun' up, he is, and muscled like a steer. An' Beth, why, Beth, bless her heart, is as red-lipped as a young rose, an' sir, she's clean-limbed, an' as light in her pastern j'ints as a thoroughbred colt! I don't blame John—he's got a good farm, an' they'll git married one o' these days, an' ole Bill, he'll r'ar then an' pitch, but his gal'll be married all right enough, so it won't do a bit o' good. Yes, siree, Bill's got to wake up some time. I'm dang sorry fer Bill, I shore is."

In such fashion the community helped the matter forward and knew far more of its progress than old Bill did or, as for that, even Beth herself or John.

And yet, despite this absorbing adventure which was stirring the good folk up, Nature went her own way steadily and was neither to be checked nor diverted. But at last the summer passed and the sunlight grew slant and pale; the maples tinged the slopes with red, and the goldenrod shone yellow by the waysides, filling the long valleys with flame.

AND because the year was dying, and the old things were passing away, the young man grew lonely and came once more in the afternoon stillness to the creekside near the spring. This time he bore no rod and made no excuses not even to himself for his coming And then the girl came, meeting him there. When he looked at her, he forgot all his shyness and awkwardness and went to her holding out his arms.

"Won't you come to me, Beth?" he asked. "Won't you come, now?"

The girl drew back a pace. "John!" she remonstrated, "John!"

But he did not heed, scarcely had he even heard. The slanting light had transfigured her, and he could not give her up now. With a swift step he reached her side and caught her hands in his own. "I love you, Beth," he whispered, passionately; "will you come, dear—will you come?"

Almost forcibly he drew her to him, and she, resisting no longer, let her dark lashes droop, and hid her face against his arm. "John!" she whispered, and then again, "John!" The words were the same as before, but the intonation told him all.

But on the hillside above a leafy bush quivered, and Bill Norton, his heart beating fiercely, parted the obscuring foliage to see clearly who this man was who had come to steal away his child

"HAINS!" he muttered. "John Hains, just like I knowed it would be. An' yet I couldn't believe—I had to just see it myself."

White-lipped and quivering, the old man loosed his hold on the branches, and they fell back into place. His breath came in gasps, and a spasm, half of passion, half of pain, distorted the muscles of his face. He did not wish to give his daughter up—not to any man; he had fought out that battle with himself. But to a Hains! The neighbors had hinted to him of this, but even in the face of that evidence he had forced himself to disbelieve.

He parted the leaves and looked down again. Beth was leaning against the man's arm now.

"No," he heard her say, hopelessly. "We can't tell him. He wouldn't understand——" There was a tremulous break in her voice, and the listener was strangely moved.

"But you'll go with me?" interrupted the man.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, John—but Daddy——"

The old man turned stumblingly, not waiting to hear more. Over him, quelling his anger and frightening him, a very great change had come; she was about to leave him. What could he do, poor doddering old man that he was, to prevent her?—and she was all that life still held for him. How like her mother's eyes were hers, and just as long ago her mother had looked up to him, so the child was now looking up to John—to a Hains!

In such wise the memory of his own youth came upon him and softened him. Reaching the brow of the hill, he crossed the fence and the fields, and came with lagging footsteps to a little plot shadowed by tall, straight maple trees, and set with smooth white stones. Not often did he turn aside here, but now he was old and troubled, and it seemed to him that he stood alone.

Careworn and shrunken, he sat down on the grass. He was so clumsy, he thought, so tactless and so awkward, in the face of this crisis. But Mary—Mary, who slept so silently there—would have understood. He raised his head. Out along the roads wagons were passing, the fields were golden with grain, and rang with the song of the reaper. But under the maples there was quiet, and an infinite solitude

The Decision

THE autumn night had come. There was no wind; and up in the vault of the sky a myriad of stars sparkled crisply and frostily. In her own room in the old brown house the girl moved about in stealthy yet nervous haste, for this was her wedding night. Her fingers trembled over her task, but their deft intuitive inteligence stood her in good stead as she folded some garments and packed them into her bag Hurried she was and afraid, for already it was late, and she must slip out and go down the spring path to John, who was waiting for her there.

Presently the tears came into her eyes. The homely and familiar things about her seemed to say good-bye. Her father would never forgive her, she knew, and her mother's picture on the mantel seemed to gaze at her reproachingly Yes, she was leaving it all—her little belongings, her memories and the sight of her father's face She listened, almost longingly, for some sign of the old man's presence—a movement, a cough, a footfall. In a little while he stirred, passed across the kitchen floor, and she heard the back door creak as he stepped out into the yard.

It seemed strange to her that one of his years should venture abroad so late It was not his custom, and it might be cool in the darkness almost she was minded to go and look for him But she could not tarry, for John—henceforth and forever her John—would be delayed and wondering.

She caught up the satchel and stepped out into the light of the stars. A light breeze stirred, and she started nervously. From the shadows of the apple trees great shapeless forms seemed to reach blindly and gropingly A nameless dread assailed her, and she shut her teeth hard, and fled.

For a space she ran on breathlessly. Then she recovered herself, stopped and looked back. Suddenly she turned and held out her arms appealingly.

"Daddy!" she whispered, "Daddy!" Almost as though in answer, there was a footstep on the path, and a voice, low and subdued, broke the silence that encompassed her.

"Daughter!"—the girl almost screamed, the strain had been so great—"Is that you, Daughter?"

"Y-y-yes," she stammered. "Yes, Father."

He came to her and took her gently in his arms. "He's down there, Beth," he whispered. "Right down by the spring. I went down a minute ago, an' I found him there. An'—an'—I've sent fer the preacher, Beth. I want you to be married at home!"

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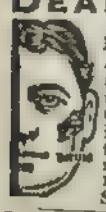

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Send your entry to-day.

JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

(*Continued from page 35*)

poured in from every side, with the result that on the sixth of November we gave the Boston public a great bill, lasting from two in the afternoon until six o'clock at night. Incidentally we packed the Boston Theatre and cleared between four and five thousand dollars for the war victims.

I confess that my first two minutes on the stage as *Mercedes* during that revival found me the victim of the worst case of stage fright I have ever known. The thousands of eyes fixed on me caused me a sick foreboding. I had been away from the stage so long! Would these people care for me now? Had I perhaps forgotten how to act? I had a tremendous reception, but it did not calm me. It merely brought a great lump into my throat—which was especially unfortunate, as my scene opened with a lullaby! I could not sing it. For the moment I was helpless, speechless—as sorry a victim of panic as the worst amateur could be. But the friendly reception continued, giving me time to pull myself together, and in that interval I actually prayed.

"Let me forget myself," I inwardly begged. "Let me think only of *Mercedes*, the part I love so well!"

In the next instant I felt as though the soul of *Mercedes* had entered my body Instead of the shivering Julia Arthur, there was now before the audience the tragic Spanish girl whose great hour of life and death had struck.

Six weeks later, on December fifteenth, I repeated "Mercedes" with the same cast at the Shubert Theatre in New York, at a War Benefit arranged by James Gordon Bennett, William Vanderbilt and Mrs. Whitney Warren, in behalf of the Secours National and the Actors' Relief Fund. This, too, was an all-star bill, with John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Holbrook Blinn and others on the splendid programme. The performance netted about seven thousand dollars. Then Daniel Frohman asked me to help him out by giving the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" at the Actors' Fund Benefit, and I did so.

THE result of all this, as Mr. Cheney had foreseen, was inevitable. I was back in the world of footlights and grease paint, taut nerves and tense emotions, big ambitions and fine friendships—and I was like a traveller who after many wanderings had found his way home. That I was back "for good" was taken for granted by my associates. Every one said: "Of course you'll remain on the stage, now that you are well again." And though my tongue did not always reply, something else in me invariably made the same answer: "Of course I shall!"

Managers and playwrights were flooding me with telegrams and letters. My old theatrical friends were telling me of plays that would fit me like a glove. The newspapers had elaborate reports of what I was going to do long before I knew myself, and when the excitement was at its height, Daniel Frohman wrote that Charles Frohman wanted me and would find a big play for me while he was abroad. I accepted this as the solution of my problem. When Charles Frohman went down with the *Lusitania*, I felt for a time that he had carried my future with him.

Daniel Frohman, however, continued to keep in close touch with me. He had no play himself, but he persuaded me to come to New York and be on the ground to consider the opportunities that were opening on every side. I had great confidence in his judgment, so I came on at once and took an apartment on the East Side, "putting-up" at the Biltmore until the flat was arranged. The very day I reached New York, and before the packing cases in the hall were opened, Mr. Frohman telephoned me that the Selwyns had a play and wanted to see me. It was a big play, they thought, and just the thing for me. As I dressed for my interview with them, I smiled to myself, recalling the old years when I had thanked God for rain, because I could cover my clothes with a mackintosh. At least, in my new adventure, I was free from such anxieties as these.

I read the Selwyns' play and liked it. The heroine appealed to me—the *Eternal Magdalen*. So did the situations and the opportunities. Mr. Frohman, however, who read the play at my request, was not enthusiastic. He did not like problem plays, and he did not consider this particular play strong enough for me. But the Selwyns were urging a prompt decision. They wanted to begin rehearsals at once, and to put on the play in three weeks. The result of it all was that within forty-eight hours I had signed the contract and was discussing the production.

THE Selwyns gave me an admirable company—not only one of the best, but but without exception the most harmonious with whom I have ever worked. From the first its members were most courteous and considerate in their relations with me, but they were also very reserved. It seemed impossible to get close to them, and I wondered why. At rehearsals they

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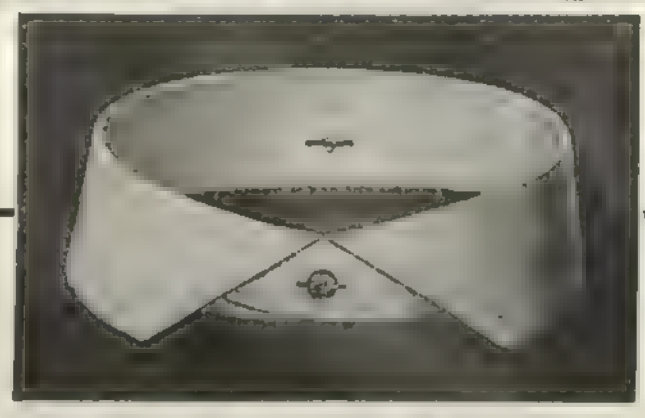

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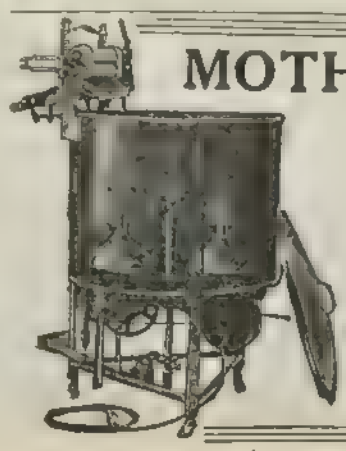

MOTHER'S RELIEF

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The "EASY" Vacuum Washer has come to your relief.

It saves time and clothing—money—at a rate that you cannot afford to do without it. Actually cleans the clothes more thoroughly than you can possibly hand. Air pressure and vacuum suction as applied in the EASY Washer means the greatest possible economy and the most complete freedom from washboard drudgery.

Containing four models, hand, electric, water and gasoline engine power. Cut shows model "C" electric.

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"Add one cup of Sugar"
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STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
2 teaspoons Dominion Crystal sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup butter, 1 cup milk. After mixing and sifting ingredients, add butter and then milk. Divide batter into 2 parts. Roll out and bake in 2 round tins. Split each layer and spread with fruit or preserves.
Maid Recipes
DOMINION SUGAR COMPANY LIMITED

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flocked by themselves, leaving the stage-director and me in splendid isolation. One day I was annoyed by something and approached a group of them to utter a heartfelt wail.

"What do you think that nut of a maid I've got has done now?" I moaned. "She has given me two gloves for the same hand."

The faces of the company lit up as though a spotlight had been turned on the group. In the most friendly and human way they condoled with me—their reserve dropping like a garment that is cast aside. Suddenly I realized what had reassured them. They had feared that after my years away from the stage I would be aloof and would "put on airs!" My spontaneous, slangy, old-time cry for sympathy had dispelled the idea.

I need hardly add that from the first the moving picture firms have kept me busy reading their letters and telegrams. They sent me all sorts of propositions, and the terms they offered would have made a captain of finance dizzy. But I had no wish to make my reappearance on the stage in a film drama, so I was able to resist them. Purely as an experiment, however, and to see for myself whether I were a good "movie subject," I went to the studio of one of the companies and posed for an hour or two. I think the directors exhausted all the human emotions that morning. Certainly they exhausted me! They expected me to hurl myself into big scenes with no lines, no preliminary inspiration, and almost no rehearsal.

"Now, cry," remarked one of them blithely. "Shed some real tears—"

"But I can't," I protested. "Good heavens, I can't work up an emotional scene with nothing to go on."

"You could cry if your mother had died, couldn't you?" he asked light heartedly. "Well, she has!"

As it happened, my beloved and wonderful mother had indeed died, and very recently, though this well meaning young man did not know it. He merely saw in the sudden tears that gushed from my eyes the dramatic response to his suggestion. With an exclamation of delight, he signalled to the photographer to "go ahead," and before I could explain or turn away I had "registered grief" on several yards of film in the most complete and, to him, most satisfying fashion.

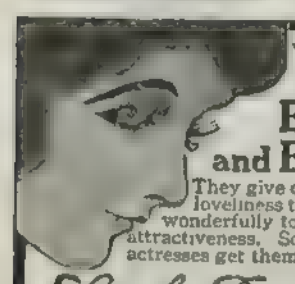
I WAS positive that all the pictures taken of me that day would be utter failures, but they turned out very well indeed—so well that some time I may yield to the lure of the picture drama and put on a film play. It is a strange sensation to see one's self for the first time in moving pictures—to see how one really looks and walks and acts. As I explained in a previous chapter, I have never rehearsed before a mirror, so it was my initial experience of the kind, and it gave me an uncanny, almost a creepy sensation.

We began rehearsing "The Eternal Magdalen" in August, 1915, and we opened in Wilmington, Delaware, in September. The opening was as nerve-wrecking as openings always are, and we had an unusual amount of trouble with the lights which—it may be remembered—are an especially important feature of the play. Our stage-director was Byron Ongley; and he, like the rest of us, had worn himself out in the inevitable strain of a new production. That night in Wilmington, after our first performance, he fell from a window of his room and was killed instantly. His death, when we heard of it in the morning, was an appalling shock to the company, and we were not in the best condition to withstand this. But we had to give a matinee in the afternoon, nevertheless, and I have always wondered by what miracle we got through that surprisingly smooth performance.

When I returned to the hotel, I saw a strange little distraught figure wandering vaguely through the corridor. It was Mrs. Ongley, fresh from the train, not yet wholly conscious of what had happened to her—a woman in a nightmare from which she was still hoping to awake.

WE played a week in Baltimore after the Wilmington opening, and there I had a visit with His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. A mutual friend brought us together. It was a most interesting meeting—and, incidentally, as perfectly staged as any scene in which I have ever taken part in a drama. My friend and I arrived exactly on the stroke of the appointed hour, and the Cardinal did not keep us waiting an instant. Almost before we were seated he entered the room, and as we rose we watched his progress toward us across the long apartment which he seemed to illuminate with his charming, understanding smile. He was a striking figure in his black gown and scarlet cap, and he offered me his hand with a twinkle in his eye, as though he were not quite sure that I would know what to do with it. I did, however, having been carefully coached, and bending, I kissed his ring with the deep respect I felt.

The next thing he did must have brought a twinkle to *my* eye, for it amused me immensely. He went to the windows, drew down certain shades and pushed up



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others, and placed us at the point in the room where the light was strongest. He then selected a chair which was almost in shadow, but where he had a perfect view of us; and I afterward told my friend, without irreverence, that he would have made a superb stage-director if he had ever taken up that strenuous calling.

We had been promised ten minutes. He kept us half an hour. His secretary, it appeared, had seen me in "The Eternal Magdalen" the previous evening, and the Cardinal said a few gracious words about the play. Then he began to talk of Shakespeare—his favorite topic and mine, —and he revealed a remarkable understanding and love of the great master. He told us of a friend whose life long passion was Shakespeare's works, yet who had never been inside of a theatre. As he chatted his eyes shone out of the shadow, and his engaging presence seemed to fill the big, formal room with warmth and colour. I have met many interesting men and women, but never one, save possibly Henry Irving, whose personality is more arresting and absorbing than that of this distinguished Prince of the Church.

OF my opening in New York, and, after a gratifying winter run, in Boston, I need hardly speak here. The events are too recent, the details too clear in the public mind. My beloved Boston gave me thirty curtain calls on the opening night, and I was so overcome by the tribute that I sat down in the wings and cried. There, one of my company Harry Harwood (who plays the *Judge*), found me mopping my eyes, and promptly broke the tension by addressing me in his slow, characteristic drawl:

"If you study hard, young lady," he said, "I think there is no doubt but that you have quite a future before you!"

Perhaps I cannot do better than to end these incomplete reminiscences on that optimistic note.

HOW TO TRAIN FOR THE NURSING PROFESSION

(*Continued from page 18*)

decide to remain, she signs an agreement, in which she promises to stay for the full period of training and to conform to the rules of the school. Then she is required to wear the hospital uniform, which is provided free of charge.

Nurses in training live at the Nurses' Home, where they are furnished with room and board and laundry. About 20 pieces are allowed each week, and, needless to say, no silks, laces, or other finery are accepted. These Homes are usually very well furnished and are provided with a library containing many thousands of volumes, although, of course, those devoted to medical subjects largely predominate.

She is given two weeks' vacation every year, and any extension of this time must be made up at the end of the term. Absences are not permitted, except in very extreme cases. One afternoon every week is a half-holiday, and one half of each Sunday in turn; she is expected to avail herself of this latter time to attend some place of worship. Every other day she is allowed off one hour during the afternoon to rest. It has been found false economy to deprive the nurse of her rest, and if such a course be pursued, the work will drag, and it will not be done with the same energy and hearty good-will, and before long the patients will begin to feel the harmful effect.

Should a nurse fall sick during her course of training, she is cared for gratuitously, but the time so lost must be made up; that is, all time over one week, which is allowed for illness by most hospitals.

THE pupil nurse receives a small salary, ranging from $4.00 to $8.00 a month. This should be sufficient to cover her incidental expenses.

The nurse must be neat and tidy in her personal appearance at all times. Her manner should be characterized by a quiet and gentle dignity. Nothing in the way of ill feeling toward her comrades should be shown by the pupil nurse, and no loud talking or laughing may be indulged in. But a clear conception of Hospital duties will gradually unfold themselves to the beginner, and the symptoms common to all sick persons will soon present themselves to her notice. To those endowed with quick intuitions and keenness of perception, this knowledge comes more readily than to others, who can only acquire habits of observation by patience and perseverance.

An examination is held at the end of the first and second years, and the final, which is called the graduation exercise, is conducted toward the close of the third season. The nurse who passes this with a total average of 70% is awarded a diploma, and is henceforth known as a graduate nurse. Then she enrolls her name on the Nurses' Directory connected with the hospital and goes out into private practice; and she will be kept reasonably busy at a salary ranging from $18.00 to $25.00 a week.

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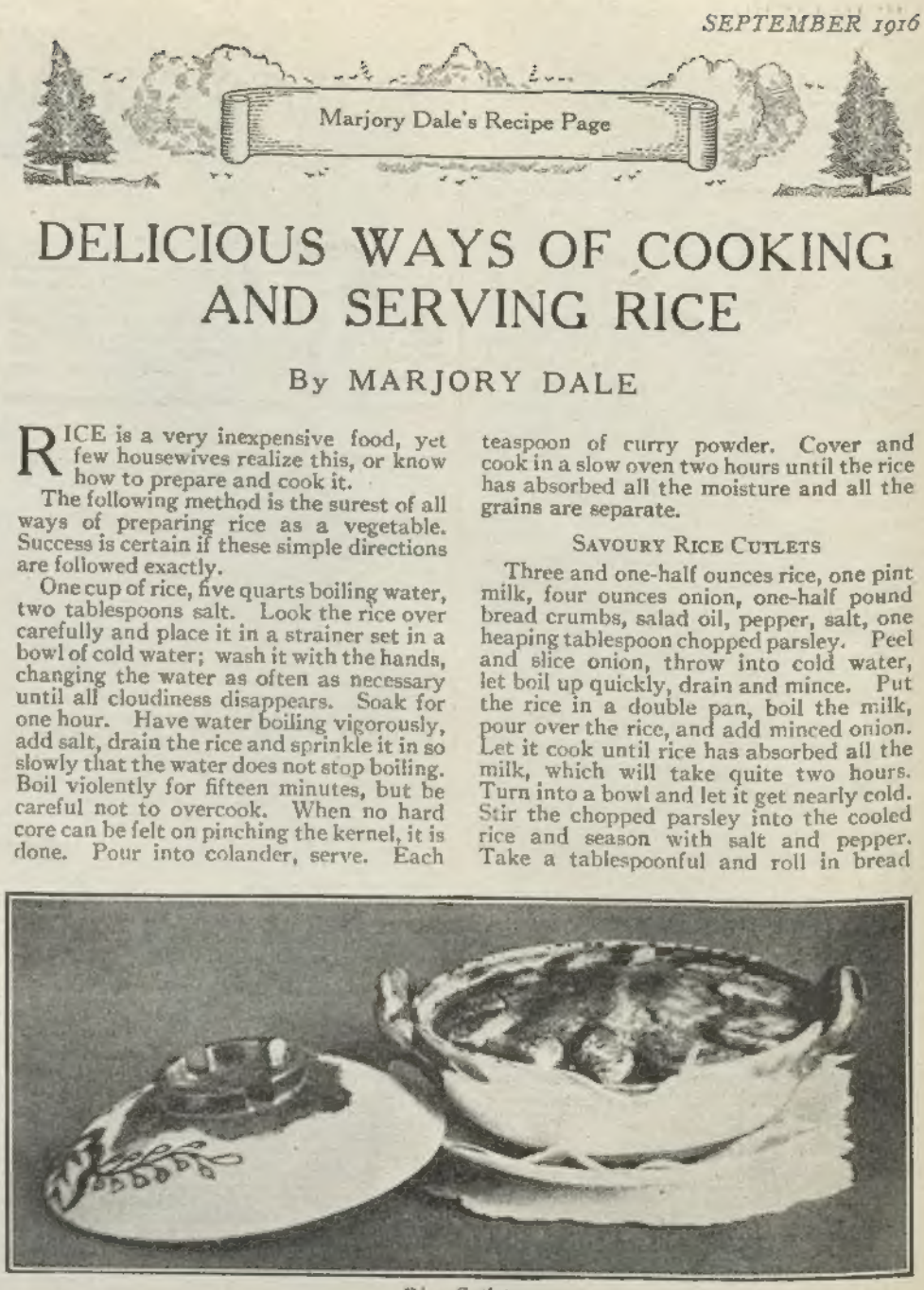

DELICIOUS WAYS OF COOKING AND SERVING RICE

By MARJORY DALE

RICE is a very inexpensive food, yet few housewives realize this, or know how to prepare and cook it.

The following method is the surest of all ways of preparing rice as a vegetable. Success is certain if these simple directions are followed exactly.

One cup of rice, five quarts boiling water, two tablespoons salt. Look the rice over carefully and place it in a strainer set in a bowl of cold water; wash it with the hands, changing the water as often as necessary until all cloudiness disappears. Soak for one hour. Have water boiling vigorously, add salt, drain the rice and sprinkle it in so slowly that the water does not stop boiling. Boil violently for fifteen minutes, but be careful not to overcook. When no hard core can be felt on pinching the kernel, it is done. Pour into colander, serve. Each grain should be large and perfectly distinct.

This may be served as a vegetable by itself or as a border for creamed meats, cutlets, chicken, etc. To give the rice a piquant flavour, sprinkle with paprika just before serving. Rice water should be saved for soups.

Rice Cutlets

Savoury Rice Croquettes

Two cups boiled rice, few drops onion juice, half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons minced parsley, one egg beaten, one tablespoon lemon juice, white or cayenne pepper to taste, two tablespoons melted butter.

Mix all ingredients together and shape first into balls, then into cylinders. Roll in bread crumbs and then in lightly beaten egg, then in bread crumbs again. Fry in deep smoking fat until golden brown. Drain croquettes on brown paper. Serve plain or with tomato sauce.

Rice Pudding No. 1

Six cups milk, three tablespoons sugar, one and one-half level tablespoons rice, pinch of salt.

Put all together in a baking dish moistened with cold water. Cook for five or six hours in a slow oven until the whole is a pale straw color and the rice is nearly disintegrated. Serve cold with cream.

Rice Pudding No. 2

One-half cup rice, one and one-half pints milk, one-half cup sugar, large pinch of salt, one tablespoon lemon rind, chopped fine.

Put rice, washed and picked, sugar, salt and milk in a quart pudding dish; bake in a moderate oven over two hours, stirring frequently the first one and one-half hours; then finish baking, without stirring. Serve cold with cream.

Rice Fritters

One cup rice, one pint milk, three eggs, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons butter.

Boil rice in milk until soft and all the milk is absorbed; then remove, add yolks of eggs, sugar and butter; when cold add whites whipped to a dry froth, drop in spoonfuls into deep fat, fry till deep buff color. Serve with cream or lemon sauce.

Rice Crumpets

Three eggs, one and one-half cups milk, one cup cold boiled rice, one tablespoon melted butter, one cup Indian corn meal, one-half cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix in order given and bake in crumpet rings on hot greased griddle.

Rice a la Mexicaine

Put four tablespoons of rice in a baking dish with a pint of water in which vegetables—beans, onions, etc.—have been cooked. Chop a small tomato, an onion and a pepper very fine and add them to the rice with salt and paprika to taste and a teaspoon of curry powder. Cover and cook in a slow oven two hours until the rice has absorbed all the moisture and all the grains are separate.

Savoury Rice Cutlets

Three and one-half ounces rice, one pint milk, four ounces onion, one-half pound bread crumbs, salad oil, pepper, salt, one heaping tablespoon chopped parsley. Peel and slice onion, throw into cold water, let boil up quickly, drain and mince. Put the rice in a double pan, boil the milk, pour over the rice, and add minced onion. Let it cook until rice has absorbed all the milk, which will take quite two hours. Turn into a bowl and let it get nearly cold. Stir the chopped parsley into the cooled rice and season with salt and pepper. Take a tablespoonful and roll in bread crumbs. Shape into cutlets an inch thick and place in a frying basket. Fry in boiling oil or dripping to a rich brown and garnish with parsley.

Savoury Rice Rissoles

Four ounces rice, one ounce butter, one small onion, four large sage leaves, one-half pint milk, pepper and salt.

Wash the rice carefully and cook for one-half hour in milk; then add the butter and very finely chopped sage, onion and pepper. Boil for a few minutes longer and when cool form in shape, roll in fine rusk crumbs and fry a light brown in deep fat. Serve round a mould of mashed potatoes.

Rice Limbales

One pint milk, three ounces ground rice, two ounces butter, three mashed potatoes, four drops onion juice, salt and pepper.

Scald milk in a double boiler and add rice, which has been mixed with a little cold milk; cook for fifteen minutes, then add the mashed potatoes, butter, onion juice and seasoning. Cook until thick, pour into buttered egg cups, press down, leave for five minutes and turn out. Mark the top with a cutter and fry in deep oil or vegetable fat to a golden brown. Remove the round from the top, scoop out a little rice and fill the depression with a curry mixture or currant jelly.

Cream of Rice Soup

One small cup rice, three cups milk, three tablespoons butter, one small onion, stalk of celery, one bay leaf, salt and pepper.

Scald milk, add well washed rice and cook in double boiler thirty minutes, covered closely. Melt butter in a pan, add sliced onion, and cook until tender, taking care not to let it brown; add celery diced, and turn into scalded milk; add the bay leaf; cover and let stand on back of range fifteen minutes; strain, season with salt and pepper, reheat and serve.

Tuna or Salmon Salad with Rice

Remove bones and skin from the contents of a can of salmon or tuna fish and mince finely. Add an equal amount of cold boiled rice and season with salt, pepper and vinegar. Stir in plenty of salad dressing and set away in a cold place. Garnish with stuffed olives.

Rice Farce

One cup rice, one pint tomato chopped, one teaspoon salt, one salt-spoon paprika, one cup chopped celery, one-half cup chopped olives, one tablespoon minced onion, one-half cup chopped peppers.

Put the tomato through a sieve, then into a saucepan for ten minutes, add rice, chopped celery, seasoning and other ingredients and boil five minutes. Draw to the side of the range or over a very low flame and simmer for one hour until ingredients are thoroughly blended.

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